

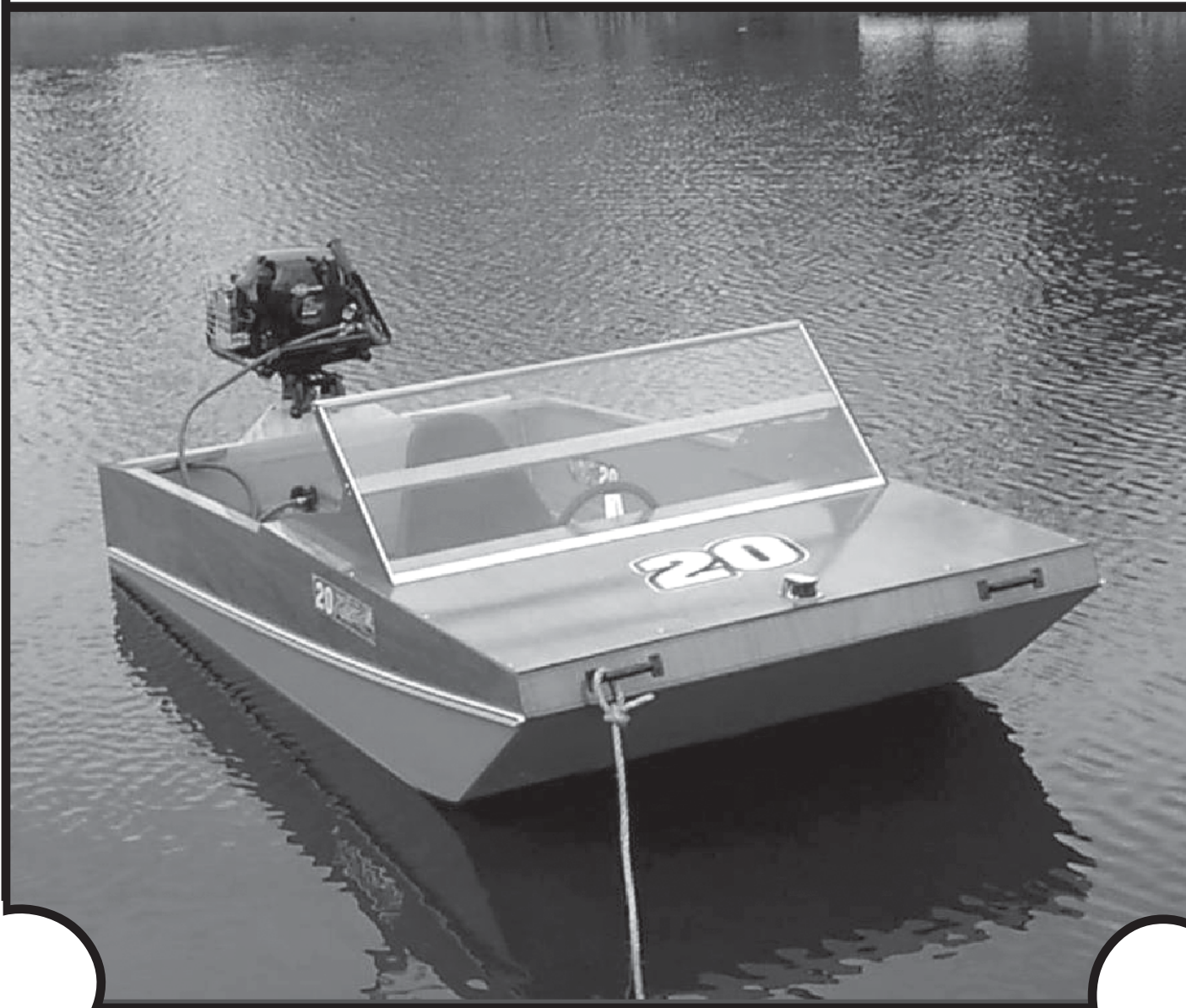


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Other Risks of Boatbuilding"
"Saturday Night Row" - "Birth of Pilgrim 17"

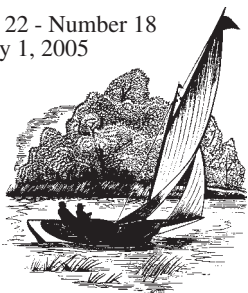
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On the Covers...

Apparently under the influence of the nearby Indianapolis Speedway and his enthusiasm for NASCAR stock car racing, sailor/sailmaker Dave Gray got all enthused about 5hp Briggs & Stratton outboard racing and came up with his Hot Tub IV pictured on the front cover.

On the back cover, replacing the long running Heitage Kayak ad which has reached the end of its run, is a larger view of James Broten's classic 1912 photo of his mother and relatives rowing on Lake Minnetonka that graced last issue's "Commentary" page.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The subject of megayachts, which I brought up on this page in the October 15 issue and elaborated upon with a three page spread in the January 1, continues to elicit correspondence. Latest to arrive is a five-page printout of a Wall Street Journal website article sent to me by Dave Carnell. It is entitled "Making Waves, An Echo of Louis XIV's Court," and goes on with subheads about how rising riches stir rivalry for ever bigger yachts. While I cannot reprint the article in its entirety due to its length and copyright protection, I thought I might extract some interesting bits from it as a sort of wrap-up of our look at the far end of the messing about in boats scene before returning to our usual focus on boats we can afford.

One quote from the owner of a 100' yacht was, "I used to think I had a good-sized boat, now it's like a dinghy compared to these others. How big are they going to get?"

Today's biggest yachts are loaded with new technology and toys. Computer controlled stabilizers which anticipate the rocking movements of a boat and offset them with underwater fins or gyroscopes, make megayachts perfectly still even when anchored. High tech security systems, stereos, theaters, and swimming pools have become standard. Most come with garages to house jet skis, motorcycles, small motorboats, and other vehicles.

Microsoft Corp. co-founder Paul Allen bought the 354' *Le Grand Bleu* which has its own 72' sailboat on board, then he commissioned the 414' *Octopus*, planned to be the biggest yacht in the world. *Octopus* has a 59' speedboat, personal submarine, swimming pool, music studio, and a helicopter pad on the main aft deck which doubles as a basketball court.

While *Octopus* was under construction, Larry Ellison, Oracle Corp. chief, was building his own superboat, originally slated to be 393'. Learning of *Octopus*, Mr. Ellison expanded the size of his boat to a 452' colossus called *Rising Sun*. Now a Saudi family is building an even larger ship called *Platinum*, expected to be about 525' long.

The author of the article concluded that with more than two million millionaires in the U.S. alone, the rich are finding it harder to set themselves apart. Their quest for big yachts as status symbols has resulted in the average size of yachts growing from a 80'-110' in the '90s to well over 150' today. The market has more than tripled since 1997, with some boats costing well over \$100 million. Dozens of boats longer than 200' feet are now under construction.

Where's the money coming from? I learned that the luxury boom in all sorts of consumer goods stems from a huge increase in personal fortunes. The wealth held by millionaires world wide is \$28.8 trillion, more than the annual gross domestic products of the U.S., Japan, Germany, France, and the United Kingdom combined.

The article points out that yachts are among the hardest expensive trinkets to justify. Yachts are rarely used more than a month or two a year, upkeep can cost millions of dollars a year, and their value typically falls after three or four years. A new paint job alone can cost more than \$100,000. And the showing off with large parties offshore is seriously hindered by international maritime law prohibiting yacht owners from carrying more than 12 guests, excluding crew members, although some big boats can get permission for 36 guests.

The increasing demand from all these monied folks is resulting in yachts becoming mass market artifacts. Cheaper composite material hulls and mass production techniques now enable yacht builders to produce larger volumes. There are 257 orders for starter yachts (80'-100') scheduled for 2005, up from 139 in 2001, according to *ShowBoats International*, a magazine for yacht owners (no reference given as to how to subscribe, sorry). As of July, 2004 there were 35 boats under construction of over 200', including five measuring 295', according to the magazine *Yachts International* (again no info on how to subscribe).

A look at a typical 142' three deck motor yacht at the Fort Lauderdale boat show revealed how, with a touch of a button, two giant sliding glass doors sprang open to the sprawling living room. The carpet was hand knotted from wool and silk in China, the bathrooms were fitted with Italian marble, and the walls were paneled with African Makore wood. The grand stairway, sculpted from wrought iron and wood, spanned three flights. Retractable plasma television screens adorned almost every room, along with surround sound speakers, audio players, and amplifiers. Just filling the gas tank costs more than \$12,000.

How does all this strike hopeful new owners? One owner, upon boarding his brand new yacht, immediately decided to sell it. When he stood on the deck, he felt too far from the water. Not much chance of this influencing our attitudes about owning the boats we manage to afford!

I was working in the yard, spreading a layer of pelleted limestone on our beleaguered lawns. It was late October and I hoped we'd get an early snowfall before winter arrived in earnest. My elders called this light snowfall poor man's manure. It is the gentle benediction of moisture on the dormant plants. It settles down and melts slowly into the tired soil, not abusing it like a sudden downpour might. Far better to have a few light dustings than an early blizzard. The people driving by the property looked at me and I could almost hear their thoughts, "lunatic... what on earth is that crazy lady doing when she should be sailing?" It was a balmy 55 degrees out and I was happy spreading the second course for a somewhat neglected lawn.

I admit to spending more time and effort on the perennial beds and caring for the watercraft than considering the health of the lawn. A dose of lime was in order. With a one-two approach I hope to cure the lawn of long-standing sourness. This spring I applied a ground limestone which aided the spring growth, this fall application will help with re-seeding and the nutrient delivery. Each season comes along in its own good time, if we stop to listen and observe we can keep in step with the natural rhythms.

As I worked, staying out until the sun was sinking behind the hill, I was startled and stopped cold in my tracks. Out on the Sound, amid the querulous mutterings of the gulls and black ducks, came the haunting tremolo of the northern loon. They've been raising families on the northern lakes all summer. They usually stay there until the water skims with ice in late November. Perhaps they have a winter mumble that my unschooled ear can't filter out among the rafts of ducks and gulls out on the Sound, but this complaint was a full throated summer call.

I've seen the loons diving and making awkward flights up and down the shoals out front, but it's never accompanied by a sound. I'm willing to wager a few dollars on the timing of when the overeager ice fishermen drag their shacks out of the backyard and the moment when the loons stop vocalizing. It is not something that you set a watch to, it is more a feeling. Some years they go mute in November, other years they stop their "oddle oo" in late December. To have one arrive in October suggested a long, hard winter might be ahead.

My earliest memories of this prehistoric creature comes from early messing about up in New Hampshire with avid ornithologist friends of my parents who had a summer camp on Little Squam Lake. My father was overseeing the construction of new dormitories at The Holderness School. On a few occasions he'd take me along as company and I'd stay at the cabin with the older couple. There I'd have the free run of the woods and shore, always ending up out in an old canoe, having been admonished to stay within 100' of the shore and not to go further than the birch tree and the hemlock stand at either end of the cove.

The first night of my visit I was sleeping out in a screened porch. The moon was full, the adults at a neighbor's cabin, and I had just settled in, drifting on the edge of sleep when the spine chilling wail broke the silence. This was the era of late night low budget horror films on television. Lon Chaney and Boris Karloff were well known and well feared visi-



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Loonacy; Falling Into Winter

tors to our screens. Long before Freddy Krueger we had really scary stuff, based on centuries old, therefore "true," folk tales. I awoke and waited for an ax to split me down the middle. Silence, not a breeze moved the leaves.

I lay back down and tried to catalog the sounds I knew from birds and beasts of the forest. No owl, hawk, or fox could make that maniacal sound. I started to settle in again when the wailing tremolo lanced through my ears a second time. This time it was closer and it was coming from out on the water. I stared hard, looking for a ghost Indian canoe to drift up and disgorge its war party bent on avenging the theft of their hunting grounds. Nothing moved, then the sound was repeated. I was about to make a dash for the other cabin when I heard an answering call from across the pond. More intrigued than scared at this point, I crept out to the dock and sat watching for whatever was making the noise to show itself.

Eventually I witnessed a miniature Loch Ness Monster emerge into a broad path of moonlight. The curved neck, ending in a dagger like bill, was attached to a low riding body that moved with exceptional speed. The head was raised and tilted back a bit as the bird emitted yet another wail. Its territory marked, it dove and never appeared again. Even knowing the mysterious caller was a loon didn't prevent my being startled when the ululations began each evening.

The next morning I asked my hosts about the loons. They took me on a canoe tour of the shoreline, ending at a small island of floating weeds anchored to a lump of rocks and mud about a hundred yards from shore. There they showed me a nest, which was a mucky site about 15" in diameter with a hollow the size of a small basin to hold the eggs. The young were out and partially fledged. They dove with the parent birds and then bobbed

to the surface like black fuzzy corks. After a few dives the three chicks clambered up onto the adult's back and settled in for a nap.

Before we returned home that weekend I witnessed the comical landings and the arduous take off runs needed to get aloft by the adult loons. An eight-year-old forgets more than she retains, but when I came to live here on the coast, our first spring was heralded by the call of the loons that winter along the Plum Island Sound. Memories of earlier messing about opportunities flooded across a half century to a moonlit pond. Perhaps we haven't had a loon spending the winter so nearby recently, as I haven't noticed the calls until this one. Whatever the reason, I'm thrilled to hear the call of these remarkable creatures once again.

Like the pelagic stormy petrel, loons do not seem to share the terrestrial based existence of humans and shore birds. The form of the body is made for swimming and diving. A loon on land is an awkward creature with its legs placed at the stern end of the body. On land the balance required to gain an upright posture is exhausting. Loons on land push along on their keels like feathered sea lions, on water this construction is a magnificent propulsion device. Nesting in grassy hummocks and floating islands of weeds, the birds are protected from attack.

Loon aerobatics are amusing. There are long, lolling takeoffs and spectacular landings. To paraphrase the old barnstormers' motto, "Any crash you swim away from is a success." When you observe the masterful diving and fishing accomplishments by this living fossil you gain a different perspective. Able to dive to 90' and traverse hundreds of feet underwater in a single dive, the loon hunts fish and shellfish for food. Small fish are consumed underwater and only the largest fish or shellfish are brought to the surface to be chewed before swallowing.

Raising young in any bird population is always fraught with danger. Gulls are self predatory, ducks dim-witted, and land based game birds at risk of pneumonia. Loons have only a few major predators, big fish and snapping turtles. To avoid these unseen hunters, the parents raft the young on their backs from birth to fledgling. Who hasn't been touched by an Audubon calendar photo of a parent loon, with two or three bright red eyed babies peeping out from the folded mantle of its wings. As with most wild non arboreal nesters, the newly hatched young are ready to run about and learn to eat from birth. The baby loons will be in the water within a few days of hatching, and although the parents will feed them for a few weeks with regurgitated fish and plants, the babies soon learn to snap up the small water insects and tadpoles as they become miniature reflections of their parents.

All the above stored knowledge and memories rushed through my mind as the first haunting notes drifted across the mussel beds. We'd just passed the full moon, an eclipsing one at that, and I wondered if this was called the "Loon Moon" rather than the Native American's "Hunter's Moon." October is the butt end of the long barren season, all creatures, are preparing for the loss of the sun and the freezing of the earth's bounty. Certainly I can dub this the Loon Moon.

Perhaps I am, as the passing motorists surmised, a bit of a Loonatic.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Calling All Modelers

The *USS Constitution* Model Shipwright Guild and the *USS Constitution* Museum will present their 26th Annual Ship Model Show February 1 through March 5 at the Museum in the Charlestown Navy Yard National Historic Site in Boston.

Deadline for entries was December 10, but if anyone wishes to know more about the show with thought of attending, contact Sarah Watkins, Curator at the *USS Constitution* Museum, (617) 426-1812 ext. 126.

Tim Mahoney, *USS Constitution* Model Shipwright Guild, Charlestown, MA

Youth Workshop: Half-Hull Model Making

Area students ages 8 to 14 will be invited to The Apprenticeship of Atlantic Challenge in Rockland, Maine, during the winter break, February 22nd through 24th, to build half-hull models. Participants will have the opportunity to work in a woodshop setting, learning the basics of tool use, boat design, and shop safety. While working as part of a team and individually, each will create their own finished piece of handmade traditional maritime art to take home.

Before boats were designed on paper and later on computer, half-models were used to establish hull shapes of vessels and to make slight modifications to see what they would look like in three dimensions. Designers would start out with a basic hull shape, and if they wanted a faster boat they would carve out the areas on the model's hull to make the craft more nimble. Builders would then take the shapes directly off of these models for lofting.

Atlantic Challenge has had great success with school break model building workshops. Parents have commented that the program has helped their children to gain more self-confidence by creating something with their hands, and taking a project from the planning stages to a finished project instills a sense of pride and accomplishment.

The model making workshop will run again April 19-21, 2005, during spring break. To learn more about the half-hull workshops or the Marine Mentoring Program, contact Atlantic Challenge at (207) 594-1800 or visit our website at www.atlanticchallenge.com. Atlantic Challenge is a nonprofit educational organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea.

Trisha Badger, Atlantic Challenge, Rockland, ME

Spring 2005 Boat Building Classes

The only one of its kind in Pennsylvania, Workshop on the Water, housed inside Independence Seaport Museum, is committed to furthering the skills and traditions of wooden boatbuilding. The Workshop is dedicated to, but not limited to, the building boats indigenous to the Delaware Valley and the New Jersey Shore. The skills of the builder,

rigger, and sailor are promoted through the construction and restoration of a wide variety of 19th century traditional boats from A Cats to sandbaggers to skiffs.

In addition, the Workshop also offers classes on various aspects of boatbuilding taught by the Workshop's own boatbuilders. These classes are conducted over the course of a weekend and are geared to providing the amateur builder with the information and instruction needed to get started on his or her own project. Students can learn how to draw boat plans, bend wood, practice woodworking techniques, or even build a half model! Two courses, "Boat Building 101: Everything You Need To Know To Build Your Own Boat" and "Half Model Making" are offered this coming spring.

Independence Seaport Museum, dedicated to exploring the maritime history of the Delaware River, bay, and tributaries, opened on Philadelphia's waterfront in July 1995 after more than 35 years of rich history as the Philadelphia Maritime Museum. The Museum is located on the Penn's Landing Waterfront at 211 S. Columbus Boulevard and Walnut St. The Museum is open daily from 10am to 5pm.

For more information call (215) 925-5439 or visit the Museum's website at www.phillyseaport.org.

Designs...

Re: Bird Dog Net Boat

I've been interested in what I've always called a "mullet boat" after seeing one so loaded with mullet (early 1960s, upper Old Tampa Bay) that I was unsure why it was still afloat. I have no firsthand experience with the boats in the water, but I have paid some attention to the design from observation and talking to those who use them. I now live in an area that has a long history with such boats due to the expanse of very shallow water.

The story from a local fishing family that includes one of the few persons still willing to build one, is that there are good ones and there are bad ones. A bad one is difficult to control. The boats are as varied as their builders. What I find as the most interesting variation is the line of the chine. I have seen some with a smooth rise towards the bow like you would expect in a normal outboard skiff, and others with a radical break in the curve of the chine. Most are somewhere in between. I believe the critical factor in the design is the degree of rise from the breaking point and its relation to the motor well.

As complete speculation, I suspect that it is possible for the foot of the motor to ride in the bow wave, thus allowing motoring in water shallower than the depth of the prop as long as the boat is moving at speed. This riding the wave may explain the erratic behavior if not (or even if) well designed. I am still not sure of the use of the tunnel unless it is acting as an inverted skeg. It may have some use ventilating the motor well when using older outboards, but even then only while planing (if a loaded boat ever planed to the degree of freeing the tunnel).

Robb is probably right about the inefficiency of the design compared to a similar skiff with the motor hung on the transom. It would be interesting, though, to see how efficient such a skiff loaded at the bow and stern like the net boat would be. Of course, the problem of quickly dropping off the long gill net under power has to be addressed along with the perfect vantage point of the pilot for running extremely shallow water. These are very interesting boats with considerable history (since reasonable outboard power was available). I have never come across any study or review of the design or performance of these boats, so I was glad to see Robb White's article.

Steve Kingery, Crystal River, FL

Information of Interest...

Dispro at Maine Boatbuilders' Show

I plan to bring my Dispro engine to display in my booth at the Maine Boat Builders' Show in March for those interested in this unique engine.

Bill Sweetman, Orr's Island Boat Works, 8 Park Pl., Orr's Island, ME 04066, <oibw@ghi.net>

Walt's Cruising Ways

Walt Donaldson's article on cruising his 26' sharpie from Tampa to the Keys and return in last June's issues prompted me to write Walt, and I'm very glad I did. I asked him for more detail about his trip, his cruising, sleeping, eating, and cleanliness habits, and what kind of gear he carried aboard. In short, I was interested in his particular brand of seamanship, and whether he followed practices which were worth repeating or even emulating. He had some interesting comments that I want to pass on to you as they may be of interest to your readers.

Walt says that his cruising methods are not especially innovative or unorthodox but that he has had 20 years windsurfing experience, sometimes in rough waters, and so he may feel more comfortable in the water than some, and that a wetsuit and snorkel gear is a standard part of his tool kit. I think what he's saying is that the prospect of getting wet, intentionally or otherwise, is not something he worries about and that this gives him an added comfort and safety level while small boat cruising.

Walt's cruising procedure is to live on his boat rather than camp on land. He chose a boat design that was big enough to walk around on and sleep in, but small enough to row. He puts a spray cover over most of the middle section when underway and an awning for at anchor.

Walt says he sleeps in a bivy sack, a synthetic fill sleeping bag, and lies on two sleeping pads (probably like Thermarest). In hot weather he hangs a bug shelter underneath the awning. He carries charts, compass, binoculars, GPS, and a weather radio.

Walt's food consists mostly of beans and rice, cooked once a day. He says that although they take a long time to cook, he has a ritual built around it. He also brings along fresh fruit and veggies, whenever possible, and bread and peanut butter. He cooks on an inexpensive single burner propane stove which usu-

ally doesn't last in the sea air more than a season or two.

For a toilet he uses a sealable bucket, emptied offshore, but he stresses that no toilet paper or chemicals go into the water and that no waste goes into harbors or poorly circulated areas. He says he never empties the bucket in populated areas. He uses a Clorox™ jug inside of a black nylon stuff sack inside of a clear vinyl dry bag for a shower. (Sunshower™, available at most camping stores, uses a similar sun heated shower arrangement.)

It sounds to me as though Walt has a lot of camping experience under his belt, probably on both land and water. He also has a useful cruising ethic (essentially "Leave No Trace") that, while minimalist, is worthy of following. He also has the ideal boat for shoal waters. Walt himself noted that his boat and his cruising methods may be less suitable to conditions such as the coast of Maine (where I sail), but that's what makes small boat sailing such a fascinating sport, isn't it?

Reading about how Walt Donaldson does it has given me some valuable information, and I expect that many small boat sailors have equally fascinating insights about the nitty gritty of their cruising. I just hope they will pass them along!

Bill Boyd, Yarmouth, ME

Information Wanted...

Wharram Multihulls and Seafood Cooking

I am interested in obtaining information/plans of the Wharram Tiki 21 and Tiki 31 workboat catamarans, photocopies of the Tiki 31's bulkheads sizes, spacing from start of hulls to the end sizes of bulkheads.

I'd also like to hear from anyone who does crabbing and crab cooking.

Robert Simon, 288942 C2-C8, Powhatan Corr. Center, State Farm, VA 23160

Projects...

Looking for a Winter Project

We are still hoping to get a boat to build this winter. We have been building a model of one of Reuel Parker's sharpies. It is his 19'6" Ohio Pond Net Boat, ketch rigged, built quarter scale. We think it would look nice with a round stern shaped similar to the cockpit.

Rex & Kathie Payne, R.K. Payne Boats, 3994 SR 135N, Nashville, IN 47448, (812) 988-0427, <http://home.page.mac.com/rkpayneboats>



Opinions...

Robb Responds...

Mr. Abraham's disapproval of my writing ain't nothing new to me. If I could control myself, I would be a successful and prosperous writer. It even would carry over into my lifetime work. If I could build Bayliners, I would be rolling rich by now.

I had to go to the Duckworks website and search up some of Mr. Abraham's articles he mentioned being published there, and I found in one of them that he passed within 15 miles of my shop on his way to South Florida. He did not stop off here but he did drop by Cedar Key and, though he liked the restaurants and the shoppes in town fine, he did not like the water part... very critical of the boat ramp and shoreside boat accommodations. I thought his article wasn't all that fascinating.

I got a real nice letter from Joe Fossey (the Dispro man). He is delighted that you printed his article and I bet a bunch of your readers are, too. I don't see how anybody could possibly not be fascinated by all that. I also did not understand the intricacies of the mechanics of the Dispro boat until they were so clearly shown in Fossey's drawings. Those Dispro people are messers in the truest sense of the word.

So is Reinhard Zollitsch. I have never paddled a boat around Nova Scotia and never will and would have had no idea of what it would have been like if it hadn't been for Reinhard's excellent and entertaining writing. That's the thing. You could not have left any of that out without disappointing about 15/16ths of your readers. Good thing you know what you are doing, ain't it?

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

This Magazine...

Comments on MAIB

Comments on MAIB subject matter, past, present, and future, are interesting. Here are a few more. We've been with MAIB almost since its birth. Other boat-related magazines we read are *Soundings* (good local stuff, real estate, etc.) and *The Cat Boat Bulletin*. When we give up on all subscriptions, yours will be the last to go.

What's the attraction? Phil Bolger's column is always read first, never dull whatever the subject (the proa "how to sail" was outstanding). Always pushing the envelope. Others: the Weston Farmer reprints, Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon," Mark Steele's reports on model yachts (have one Marblehead with two on the way), specialty stories like the current Dispro feature, Chris Kaiser's "Window on the Water," technical stuff from Robb White and others, like the feature on hollow spar making, and unusual cruise reports, like the recent serial on circumnavigating Nova Scotia. Great!

The greatest mini vacation we ever had started with an MAIB article on the Steamship Society, touting a three-night cruise on a Blount ship from Rhode Island to Kingston, New York, and return about 15 years ago. We'd been on a few of the big ones but this was fantastic! Time for more of these. We wouldn't have known about this if not for MAIB.

What's my recommendation for the next 25 years? More of the same!

Charles W. Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY

Editor Comments: Twenty-five years will get me right up to 100. Can't say as I'd mind.

No Complaints or Suggestions

Thanks for another year of MAIB. I have no complaints or suggestions about what you select for publication. Your success in getting out each issue is a triumph of small magazine publication. Nor do I have any complaints about slow post office delivery or missing issues.

I will tell you what I like about MAIB. First, I find your editorials on the inside cover justify the subscription price, keep them up. Second, I enjoy NOT knowing what I'm going to find inside each issue. I don't care if someone shows up each issue or once a year, it is the serendipity that makes reading MAIB a delight. In fact, the best article I read in '04 could have been the one about tie downs on various cars, you won't find that in any other place. Finally I like people talking about their experiences buying, fixing, and launching their own craft. In a world where we are supposed to select from a preselected list, be it fast food, medical care, whatever, it is wonderful to get to share in the small victories of people using their wits to mess about with their own boats.

John Callahan, Dunstable, MA

Thanks for Info

Still working on my houseboat, shantyboat, sailing barge, call it what you will, thanks to MAIB and a few readers who sent me information both old and new, but all very useful.

Tony Tesoriere



KAYAKS

Boreal Design

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOES

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson

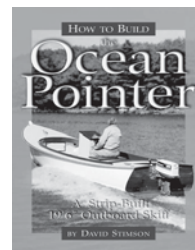
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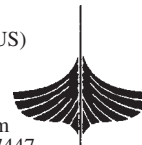
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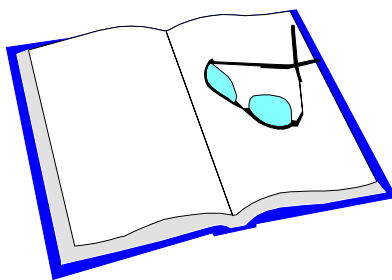
Reviewed by Bill Marsano

So far as publishers are concerned, they ain't over 'til they're over. I speak of (and they profit from) World War II and the Age of Fighting Sail. The former recently gave us *The Last Stand of the Tin Can Sailors*, a fine (and rare) account of our Navy's noblest victory, now the latter brings us *Patrick O'Brian's Navy*, which is not, please note, just for O'Brian fans.

All in all the book does an excellent job of conveying the context from the British side of the Royal Navy during its years of near-constant war with the French. It's large in format, heavily and handsomely illustrated with contemporary paintings, engravings, watercolors, and cartoons, as well as modern diagrams and maps. All are generously displayed. The text sometimes struggles to work its way around them, especially as there are frequent oversized quotations and framed text blocks ("sidebars" containing abstracts from contemporary diaries and news reports) that occupy their own spaces.

Battle coverage is terrific. The Royal Navy's great triumphs are well detailed, as are several notable if not-so-well-known small actions, chosen for their display of Aubreyesque daring and dash. And Lord Cochrane, one of the primary inspirations for Aubrey, gets extensive coverage all by his heroic self. The Royal Navy's internal world is also very nicely explored, ratings and ranks, manning and management (and mismanagement: mutinies are included), rigs and rigging, and, just when we run out of Frenchmen, pirates and slavers.

Organization is something of a problem. There's a tendency, once a picture heavy design is established, for the text to be straitjacketed, for subjects be treated equally but inadequately, because the designers allot them just so much room and no more and the text must be squeezed or cut to fit. Here, for



Book Reviews

example, gunnery has so little space that we get but a glance at the 32-pounder and never hear of carronades until another section many pages later. As a result, weaponry is merely sketched. Likewise, that frequent O'Brian phenomenon, the "weather gauge," is not well explained and it is divided between two sections. Medicine at sea? Considering the importance of Stephen Maturin in the O'Brian series, it's almost ignored.

The book doesn't explain, and none can, the incredible fighting spirit of the British sailor, be he Jack Tar or Dick Nastyface. They were badly paid, ill fed, and worse housed, they got little respect ashore or afloat, they risked death for mutiny, and yet in the middle of a mutiny rallied round so soon as the French poked a masthead above the horizon, and then they'd beat the tar out of them more often than not.

Best thing to do is read this book through and then reread the Aubrey-Maturin series all over again.

(Bill Marsano is a professional writer and editor, and a generally boatful person.)

Lighthouses Of the South

Text by Elinor DeWrie
Photography by Daniel E. Dempster
Voyageur Press, Stillwaer, MN
(651) 430-2210
www.voyageurpress.com
<books@voyageurpress.com>
\$29.95

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

"Far in the bosom of the deep
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gleam of changeful light
Bound on the brow of dusky night."
Sir Walter Scott, *Pharos Loquitur*, 1814

So ends the text of *Lighthouses of the South*, an interesting account of the lighthouses built to protect mariners from the coast of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. There were 65 lighthouses built along this long stretch of America's coast, which included the outer banks of the Carolina's which was considered the worst stretch of coast anywhere in the U.S. for shipwrecks. The tallest lighthouse

in the nation, at 198', the Cape Hatteras lighthouse, was built in 1803 on the Outer Banks Hatteras Island to protect mariners.

The first of the 65 lighthouses was built in 1767 at Morris Island near Charleston, South Carolina, and the last lighthouse was built in 1965 14 miles off Cape Henry to guide ships into Chesapeake Bay, a time period spanning almost 200 years. The story begins when our nation was a colony (before independence) and travels along with the development of our country to the present where approximately 40 of these lighthouses, which are now all automated, are cared for by the U.S. Coast Guard.

After independence, the lights were under the "Lighthouse Establishment" under George Washington. In 1852 the "Lighthouse Board" was established. In 1910 the Board was dropped and "U.S. Bureau of Lighthouses" was established. And, in 1939 lighthouses were placed under the U.S. Coast Guard, where they remain today.

The story is a chronological account of lighthouse establishment in the south including how the service was managed, light locations chosen, and the lighthouses that were constructed. The keeper's story is told, many stories, and they are interesting. The keeper's job was to maintain and keep the light on through the night no matter what, plus, he had to care and maintain the tower, his residence, and himself, all for not much pay. The keeper's job was a lonely one on many of the stations, and in addition to extreme weather (hurricanes), keepers in this region had to contend with mosquitoes, alligators, and snakes.

Also, in addition to the main text, the author has included short one or two page sidebars spaced throughout the book with more detailed accounts of special lighthouse subjects which include:

Graveyard of ships: Outer Banks 2,000 shipwrecks.

The Travail of Cape Florida Light: Indian attack.

Magic Lanterns: Story of the remarkable Fresnel lenses.

The Builder of Iron Giants: Screwpile lighthouses.

The Prison Light: Garden Key Lighthouse and Fort Jefferson.

Built Upon Sand: Lighthouse foundation difficulties.

The Slavekeepers: Black American lighthouse workers.

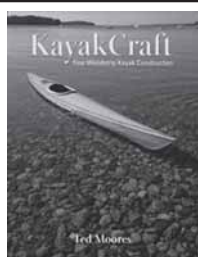
The Sacrifice of Joshua Appleby: A keeper's sacrifice.

Haunted Lighthouses: Lighthouse ghosts.

Keepers in Skirts: Women keepers.

There has been, and is still, a big effort to save, restore, and operate lighthouses. The author covers this effort in detail saying, "The future looks bright for lighthouses."

The book size is 8-1/2" x 11". It is printed on quality paper and has 121 color and 17 black and white photographs. The text is lively, the stories interesting, and the photographs are beautiful and well done. The book includes a bibliography and an appendix listing all the lighthouses of the southeastern U.S. coast. I enjoyed the book and recommend it. If you like lighthouses, I don't think you will be disappointed.



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Saturday Night Row

By Sharaon Brown

Mystic Seaport's Boathouse pre-opening ritual Saturday, September 25, 2004, was routine. Staff and volunteers deployed the oars and safety equipment, retrieved VHF radios from overnight chargers, unlocked the till and counted the float, recorded the times of high and low tides, checked tickets for rides on the catboat *Breck Marshall* and the Herreshoff launch *Resolute*, communicated breaks with the captains, and at 10am opened the doors and put out the sandwich board signs. Then we fine-tuned everything in anticipation of customers.

Volunteer George Hess took a bucket with sponges, brush, and soft rags down to the dock and began methodically cleaning each boat while quietly decompressing from the pressures of his week's stressful job load. Young Mason Hall loaded up the Pete Culler designed Butthead skiff *Skye* with similar equipment, set his oars, and stroked out across the channel to pump and clean the Beetle Cats of overnight organic offerings. Captain Mark Jalbert drove *Resolute* to the dock and staff rushed to take his lines, greeting him warmly. Out of sight, over on Middle Wharf between the whaling bark *Charles W. Morgan* and the training ship *Joseph Conrad*, Captain Brian Hill was readying *Breck Marshall*, sizing up the wind and debating whether to tie in a reef for his 10:30am sail.

Our first visitor was boatbuilder Willits Ansel. He sat outside on a bench gazing out at the river and studied the boats and activity on our floats. Sisu, his small brown and white dog sat by his feet, focused on the shoreside activity, people, and the passing horse and carriage. Willits was relaxed and reflective, waiting on his granddaughter, Evie. They'd planned to go for a row on the Mystic River. While catching up he shared two stories about rowing in Maine, both involving his routine route between the Georgetown house dock,

Boatbuilder Willits Ansel and Sisu, his pound-rescued Lhasa Apso, relax at The Boathouse, their stances reflecting their interests. The Friendship sloop, *Estella A.*, lies under cover alongside in the railway (Sharon Brown Photograph).



A photograph honoring cherished Boathouse colleague Mary Alice "Mimi" Gerstell Neary (May 4, 1933-November 1, 2003) of Montclair, New Jersey was donated by the Lord family; from left to right, S. Brown, P. Lord, B. Hammond, P. and K. Lord, M. Jalbert, G. Hess, G. Colbeth, T. D'Alessandro, and M. Dunn (Mason Hall Photograph).

where he keeps his smaller fleet, and his mooring in deeper water in the adjacent cove.

His first was an account of how rowing back from his boat his attention was drawn by faint hails to the shore near his neighbor's property. He investigated, rowing toward the beckoning cries, and there discovered his neighbor immobilized on the bank at the water's edge where he had slipped and broken his leg. He asked for assistance and Willits rowed to shore, to "town," called the emergency personnel, and waited to guide them to the spot where his friend lay stricken. The incident ended happily and his neighbor fully recovered.

Willits' second account was of a less serious nature. Whereas a current Mystic phenomenon concerns reports of grey squirrels swimming across the river, Willits recalled encountering a moose swimming in the Maine saltchuck, his head supporting massive ant-

lers and his nose held upright at an acute angle to clear the water's surface. Fascinated, he watched the animal reach shore and walk out of the water, climbing up the bank shaking his head and rack, scattering water in showers, before disappearing into the forest. A remarkable sight that even now is reflected in Willits' quiet telling. It is the nature of being on the water that even the routine is unexpected and interesting.

Back on the river under a brisk west-southwesterly wind, Captain Mark Jalbert drove *Resolute* with volunteer crew Ginny Colbeth providing the narration of the waterfront vistas to passengers seated aft. George and Mason checked out prospective sailors and put them out in the Seaford skiff *Helen Packer*, keeping a close eye on her progress. *Helen Packer* shared the channel with *Breck Marshall*, *Resolute*, the museum's steam fired passenger vessel *Sabino*, Voyager Cruises of Mystic's passenger schooner *Argia* doing daysails, and departing visitors in power boats waiting on a Route 1 bascule bridge opening. Out of the channel, over the flats, her progress was more apt to be impeded by the helmsman's lack of intake of the check out instructions. As local author Steve Jones would say, these are "thin waters."

Later in the afternoon we paid special recognition in honor of our dear colleague, Mimi Neary, who died last November. Phil and Pat Lord and their young daughter Kaylee of Hampden, Massachusetts, brought a framed photograph of Mimi to hang in The Boathouse, near us with those of other colleagues who have crossed the bar. The photograph is of Mimi steering her Beetle Cat *Cats Meow III* out of the channel in front of her summer cottage at Pine Grove, Waterford, Connecticut, with young Tim Lord as her crew.

Earlier in the week volunteer Ralph Eldredge worked to finish a new coat of paint on the 10' sailing Chaisson Dory tender which Mimi's daughters, Lisa and Mary Louise of New York, donated to Mystic Seaport for use at The Boathouse. We said a few impromptu words in tribute to Mimi's indomitable spirit, posed for photographs, and as the Lords departed, turned back to work. Mimi's place in



Peter and Patricia Bradford's 18' gunning dory *Imp* provisioned for gunkholing before the Seaford Skiff *Helen Packer* heading in to round up at The Boathouse dock, while downriver, Mystic's Voyager Cruises' passenger schooner *Argia* waits on the 4:40 p.m. Route 1 bridge opening (Sharon Brown Photograph).

our hearts now permanently acknowledged on the wall, we recalled images of her visits to The Boathouse, sitting on the ramp recording notes in her log of the tips she had just picked up, whether it be docking the Good Little Skiff *Waldo Howland* under oars or sailing the Beetle Cat *Leo J. Telesmanick* during one of the Boathandling Classes she took each summer.

We were longing for one of Mimi's rollicking great laughs while musing over her incredible sense of style, her curiosity expressed on field trips to visit Greenport boatbuilder Andy Langendal or her saucy talk with a New Bedford trawler captain who handed her a bag of fresh fillets, her delight in capturing the moment with her Rollei, or in Wayland, Massachusetts, where she turned each page of an old photograph album, genuinely interested in the photographs chronicling the life of John Gardner's sister Sallie.

Young volunteer Shelby Farrell arrived after lunch, flushed and dehydrated, having been "lost" in the woods off Route 184 on her shortcut walk from home to work. She joked about her adventure, inhaled offered sodas, and immediately sprang to action helping land the Seaford Skiff with Evie.

In mid afternoon we were visited by Mystic Seaport members Peter and Patricia Bradford, of Middleboro, Massachusetts, frequent visitors to Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. They rowed up from the Bay Street boat launch in *Imp*, their 18' gunning dory launched in 1994 and built by Peter from John Gardner's plans. They beached her near the

Australia exhibit next door and assured us that Patricia's signal cannon was carefully hidden among their provisions. They had a goal in mind, to accompany us downriver after work and celebrate sunset in style.

At 5pm, the end of The Boathouse day, the skippers wrapped up, turned in their radios, filled out time cards, and tied up *Breck* and *Resolute* at their respective docks, putting them to "bed" for the night. Staff, Bryan Hammond and Tia D'Alessandro, supervised making the drop and putting "night ties" on the livery fleet, the locking rolling hitches securing the bow and stern lines to the bar cleats on the floats.

Volunteer Charissa Hammond provided a surprise feast in the old electric frying pan discarded by *Amistad's* cook, James. Our appetites wetted by the aroma of food, we were attracted to her table and hovering about on foot we wolfed down hot dogs and corn bread. Only the empty pan remained to cool as we hurriedly closed up and headed for the boats on the dock.

Earlier Bryan and Mason retrieved the whaleboat secured on a line off the *Morgan's* side and rowed her back to the Boathouse. The Bradfords launched *Imp* from the beach, and after much debate, as per usual, it was decided that Mason would row the 10' Chaisson Dory Tender *Peter J.* and Mike Dunn would row *Mary*, his "honey," the Robert M. Steward designed 11'3" flat-bottomed skiff. The rest of the crew, Bryan, his parents, Charissa and Grant, Tia, Ginny Colbeth, Sarah Kate Ragsdale, and I would labor under the now unfamiliar weight of the ash whaleboat oars.

When finally clear of the dock we were late, the time closer to 6pm, than we intended and making way against the southerly wind and an incoming tidal current. We were sloppy and uncoordinated, but improved somewhat when Sarah Kate took matters into her own hands. She ducked under the oars from her number three position and wrestled the steering oar from Bryan. With Bryan on stroke our pace increased, though still comparatively slow and jerky, and we provided entertainment for diners eating behind the picture windows of the S. & P. Oyster House.

The Bradfords rowing *Imp* record the novice whaleboat crew for posterity; Sarah Kate Ragsdale's hair flies askew as she ducks the stroke oar (Sharon Brown Photograph).



Tourists licking ice cream cones peered down at us from the Route 1 bascule bridge and our colleagues steaming upstream aboard the passenger vessel *Sabino* waved in acknowledgment.

Only the bemused crew of the restored converted sardine carrier *Grayling* hailing from Brooklin, Maine, and waiting on a bridge opening on the Stonington side near Seaport Marine resisted. They peeked out of the wheelhouse at our passing but would not wave back. *Grayling* was returning to her winter quarters at the Seaport where earlier her handsome cruising companion, *Burma*, the R.O. Davis designed motorsailer from W. Hand's office had tied up. We understood from their reaction that we little resembled the presentation made by the crack whaleboat demonstration squad which normally represents Mystic Seaport at her oars. No bother, we were safe and having fun and celebrating the joy of being in a fine wooden boat.

The chatter ran the gamut and little related to rowing except for frequent remarks about the oars, the current impending sunset, and the Bradfords who were almost out of sight. We were ecstatic and laughing and many on shore, dilettantes notwithstanding, were into our scene, cheered us on, some even offering to trade places.

Gradually we achieved something almost respectable in cadence and just as we poked out from the Amtrak bridge we heard the cannon sound sunset. Luckily for those in West Mystic the Bradfords had one live cartridge and had to make good on their first opportunity to fire. Goal achieved, they humored us by rowing alongside for a while as we headed further down river kibitzing across the channel like the returning crows overhead. There was opportunity for antics. Ginny exclaimed many times that she had never been in a whaleboat before and the experience delighted her. She was our onboard policeman, her retired school teacher principles keeping a close eye on our behavior as the sky turned a combination of bright yellow, pink, and blue against the dark, silhouetted shoreline and boats swinging on moorings. Eventually we absolved the Bradford's of an escort role,



The Bradfords' cannon salute to sunset has inspired Ginny to stroke with renewed vigor, while Charissa cracks up at the jokes flying the length of the whaleboat we are so fortunate to be rowing (Sharon Brown Photograph).

checking in via radio, and they quickly drew ahead, their wake sparkling in the moonlight on a course to Masons Island.

South of Mystic Shipyard we elected to boat our oars and relax. Sarah Kate remained at the steering oar, leading us in song, accompanied by ballet, and merely by her presence challenged Mike and Mason to follow. It was much easier on the return with the elements in our favor and there were few boats underway in the dark. Using flashlights for running lights, we drifted back through the open Amtrak bridge and upriver past people enjoying post dinner conversation in their cockpits in the slips that line the channel, past the

South of the Amtrak bridge, boat steerer Sara Kate exhorts with song, her crew including Bryan and his dad Grant, to catch the gunning dory now hopelessly out of range passing Six Penny Island way down river (Sharon Brown Photograph).



Tia patiently teaching the crew the words to the song she wrote with Sarah Kate to help overcome adversity while on another rowing adventure in a Whitehall, "...We row boats, Dun Dun Dun..." (Sharon Brown Photograph).

strollers and fishermen at Mystic River Park on Cottrell Street where sharp eyes spotted Mike's mom, Ginny Pyne, doing doughnuts in her Tahoe in the parking lot and keeping an eye out for our return, and then zip under the Mystic bridge and we were back in home waters, laughing and singing all the way.

Bryan serenaded all alongshore with his rendition of an old ballad with lyrics from another era, and Tia and Sarah Kate tried in vain to teach us the words to their song, which they composed for inspiration while rowing a Whitehall under difficult circumstances, making progress at first only in circles. "...We are French. Dun Dun Dun. We Row boats.

Dun Dun Dun. Little Boats. Dun Dun Dun. In the Channel. We row with all our might. Yet we are in the same place as last night. Dun Dun Dun." We cracked up.

We sped across the moorings dodging the Beetle Cats and rounded Lighthouse Point in the channel. The sky was brilliant with stars, the moonlight reflection sparkling in the water and the overhead squawks of black crowned night herons punctuated the steady chorus of shorebound crickets and cicadas.

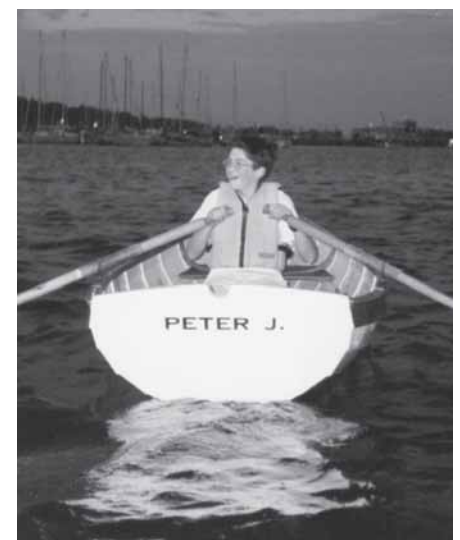
Reluctantly arriving alongside the floats at Middle Wharf we piled out leaving Bryan to retie the boat and sort out the equipment. Mason's mom Susan met us and was easily conned into rowing back around the Point to The Boathouse with Mason in *Peter J.* We put away the gear, secured the boats, and scattered for home, carrying images that will provide spiritual sustenance on recall.

I met up with the Bradfords at the boat launch outside Shipyard gate and we drove to Mystic for coffee with *Imp* in tow. The truck and trailer parked outside the house under the street lamp was an impressive sight, eclipsed only by that of the taillights of a white Jeep Cherokee receding in the early morning hours. Over strong brew at the Green Marble we talked of wooden boats and coincidences and cannons and John Gardner and lost loves and good times.

You don't have to cross an ocean or own a boat or use gasoline or leave a wake to have a great time on the water and share physical and mental effort and nature and the simple, lasting pleasures of life that are still free and available for our taking.

Willits, an accomplished writer and artist, is retired from Mystic Seaport and was here working on a special project with his son Walter, Seaport shipwright Kevin Dwyer and volunteer Bob O'Donoghue to build a couple of 19' (15' bottom) Shelburne fishing dories researched at the Nova Scotian John C. Williams Dory Shop Museum. The process is being carefully documented for future reference. His classic, the 1978 paperback, *The Whaleboat: A Study of Design, Construction, and Use From 1850 To 1970*, published by

Mason cheers on this happy band of boaters; smiles grace everyone's faces and when they can be persuaded to quiet, the scene is serenely peaceful (Sharon Brown Photograph).





All the world's a stage, even a whaleboat, where our helmsman, a dancer, reached into her bag of talents to motivate a skeptical crew with ballet (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Mystic Seaport is a standard reference and Willits' latest book, *WoodenBoat's* 2001 paperback *A Kid's Book On Boatbuilding* is a natural Christmas stocking stuffer. Bedtime readings provoke recall of one's hanging about underfoot learning a craft or procedure from some tolerant adult, roles my father, grandmother, and neighbors fulfilled in my youth.

An interesting comment in the letter to the editor by Tom Pappell of Dix Hills, New York, in the October 1 issue (2004) of *Messing About In Boats* regarding his enjoyment of the personal bent in accounts of boats pertains to this thought. "... In many ways the personal stories are as, or even more, meaningful to me than anything John [Gardner] wrote about boats."

It was just that more than 20 years ago when I first started working at Mystic that kept my interests alive and ultimately lead to my work with John Gardner. Thirsty for information, I tailed the likes of shipwright Willits Ansel, mercilessly questioning him about boats and boatbuilding, reading, and photographing. With a group from Shipyard who gathered at quitting time, we hiked the nearby woods in Stonington and North Stonington in the late afternoons and "helped" him build his York ducker in the broom closet of the Mill, bringing beers for inspiration. Luckily he tolerated my behavior and fostered my education, as I now share with others.

The 28' Beetle boat which we rowed was featured on the cover of *WoodenBoat* No. 171, along with an article in the same issue on her construction by Tom Jackson (pp. 46-55) who wrote from the vantage of working on the boat. Willits came out of retirement after 12 years to build her in shipyard with Walter and his shipyard colleagues, Rob Whalen, Sean Kelly, and others. In fact, it pleased Walter a great deal that volunteer Gordon Kyle and every staff person of the department was involved in the project. Built to high standards as the Beetles would have in the 1800s, her planking of northern white cedar from Maine is batten seam construction and clenched nail fastened on steam bent white oak frames. Her lines were taken off Charles Beetle's last whaleboat, a 28-footer built in the early 1920s for The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia.

We can relate to Ishmael's narrative from the first page of Melville's *Moby Dick*. "...Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball [suicide]. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all

Challenged, Mike was given impetus to follow suite in *Mary* with near disastrous results; even at this distance the camera caught his body language and his facial expression of mischief, surprise, and luckily, recovery. Plans for Steward's Susan skiff are available with an instruction booklet from William Steward 4335 Lucera Rd., Jacksonville FL 32244 (Sharon Brown Photograph).



men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me."

While novices at the oars we do heed the serious nature of the work that whaleboats all over the world accomplished and the hardships the men endured, the danger of the work, and in retrospect, the shocking realities of life at sea for years at a stretch. We are not in disrespect of their provenance, but we are rather more fortunate to be able to enjoy the pure outcome of form and function and benefit from the tradition of America's foremost maritime museum where maritime skills and crafts have been preserved.

We have a lot to be thankful for even when personal hardships abound and news of the world economic crisis, environmental decline, and political unrest proliferate. Whaleboat crew comments written in The Boathouse Log after the row included Mason's, "That was awesome! The Boat-house family," Sarah Kate's, "I can't feel my fingers or toes! It's official, I'm in love," and Grant's summary, "Life is good, indeed." (Submitted: October 20, 2004)



Demonstrating her fine hull underway shortly after her 2002 launch, Walter Ansel tacks the whaleboat upriver against a brisk northerly with an appreciative crew from Mystic Seaport's Shipyard aboard. Whaleboats rock! (Sharon Brown Photograph).



PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445
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Show Schedule

Jan 1-9 New York Boat Show, Javits Center, NYC
Jan 8-9 Shallow-Water Fishing Expo, Charleston, SC *
Jan 12-16 Atlanta Boat Show *
Feb 9-13 Central NY Boat Show, Syracuse, NY
Feb 17-20 Miami Boat Show *
Feb 26-27 Shallow-Water Fishing Expo, Atlanta, GA *
Mar 2-6 Southern Home Show, Charlotte, NC *
Mar 11-13 Canoeconia, Madison, WI
Mar 18-20 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME
May 13-15 Craftshow, Farmington, CT
May 13-15 Paddlefest, Inlet, NY *
May 28-30 Woodstock Craft Show, New Paltz, NY *
Jun 18-19 Clearwater Festival, Croton-on-Hudson, NY *
Jun 18-19 No-Octane Regatta, Blue Mountain Lake, NY *
July 16-17 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT *
July 22-24 Craftshow, Okemo, NY
July 29-31 Craftshow, Stowe, VT
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg VT *
Aug 5-7 Craftshow, Manchester, VT *
Aug 12-14 Craftshow, Lake Placid, NY *
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME *
Aug 19-21 Adirondack Living, Lake George, NY *
Sep 2-4 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY *
Sep 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival WA
Sep 22-4 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT

(Just to be safe, call or e-mail to confirm show dates.)



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Steve began with our 12-ft Vermont Packboat, took its hard-chines, elliptical, flat bottom, stretched it to 14-ft, made it wider and deeper. If you go to our website you can see better photos of it.

The boat is fast, stable, easy to row and seaworthy. It's a Kevlar/glass composite with polyester resin, 43" wide at the gunwales, weighs 65-lbs and will carry 700 lbs. We think this boat is going to be a wonderful addition to our fleet. As always, the best way to select a boat is on the water. The shows where we will have our demo boats with us have an *.

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

October magic was in the air Columbus Day weekend as we boarded our wooden mini trawler, *The Mudlark*, for a round trip journey from Ithaca to Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, New York, via the Seneca River/Erie Canal system. After the dreary, rainy ashm, we still harbored hopes of yet a few nice days of cruising. The weather report for the holiday was "mixed clouds and sun," a better forecast than for most of the preceding months. So while others were pulling their boats out of the water, we "seized the weekend." We packed in supplies, fresh water, food from our local Greenstar Co-op, freshly ground Mexican coffee, and two bottles of Finger Lakes wine. We plotted out our route, 81 miles, two locks, two lakes, and mostly river and canal. It would be our first overnight trip with our new Yamaha 4-stroke 60hp motor and our first venture beyond the local Finger Lakes.

And three lovely days of cruising it was, with some wonderful birdwatching as a bonus. Averaging about seven hours a day, *The Mudlark* traveled through the brightly colored autumn foliage of hardwoods, the marshes of the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge, and long stretches of shore covered with white pines, hemlocks, and spruce. Our nights were spent in silent, tree-lined hideaway bays along the river listening to the lapping water and the occasional rustlings among shore thickets. In all we covered about 165 miles, including a little exploration of the lakes.

As we got underway, Cayuga Lake was sporting a south wind which, while it didn't auger well for the accuracy of the weather report, certainly helped us up the lake in record time. And that was a good thing. Having failed to reckon on the problem of finding gas so late in the season, we spent too much time hunting for an open pump and thus it was 4:55 when we reached the Cayuga Lock. The locks close at 5:00, but fortunately, the lock keeper on duty was a good-natured fellow who seemed oblivious to overtime and lowered us down to the Seneca River/Erie Canal anyway. As he handed us our two-day pass (\$5 for 16' and under, \$10 for over that), he told us that Hibiscus Harbor Marina (the one place we hadn't tried) was open for gas daily until November 1 and on weekdays thereafter. He also gave us a canal system map, slightly outdated, but with phone numbers for marinas along the way.

The Cayuga and Seneca Canal rippled with the breeze, and after passing a few miles of summer cottages and shoreline homes we took the entrance leading to the Clyde River, and shortly thereafter dead-ended into the Erie Canal. The left branch of the Canal goes to Seneca Falls, Lyons, and eventually to Buffalo, but we turned right, on the Seneca River section, toward Syracuse and the eventual fork to Lake Ontario on one hand and the Erie Canal going east on the other. By now the banks were blanketed with the marsh grasses and low trees of the Montezuma Wildlife Area. The sky, slightly overcast at first, had by now brightened up. Thus far we had seen only one other boat, resting in a tiny inlet before the Clyde River, soaking up the late afternoon rays.

We anchored in a small cove about four miles from the lock (marker W 539), well into the Montezuma Marsh. Fish jumped, ducks scurried out of our way, several red winged blackbirds flitted through the trees, and the sunset was a lovely rose red as we ate our

Fall Magic On the Erie Canal

By Nancy Lee Koschmann

first supper. Every so often a flock of Canadian geese would rise from somewhere beyond our shore and fill the sky. The river surface had become perfectly still and we couldn't resist trying to rock the boat to see if we were really on water. Night fell and the cries of the geese quieted, and we sipped our wine in the soft glow of our gentle cabin lights.

We were awakened the next morning by a particularly large geese convention. We set out about 9:00, coffee cups in hand, and contemplated bringing back our canoe another time to do several of the small creeks that snaked off from the canal. As we piloted past Howlands Island and the section of the Seneca River that circles it, I began to worry about how much gas we were using. The marina I had called on the cell phone was still about 15 miles ahead, past Haiti, Frost, and Hickory Islands, all small islands created by side branches of the Seneca. It turned out that we didn't need to be concerned, our new 4-stroke was doing better than efficient at canal speed. Even though we had planed most of the way up Cayuga Lake, *The Mudlark's* tank was more than half full when reached the aptly named Midway Marina.

We rang the old school bell hanging over the well worn gas tank and waited as the minutes passed without a sign of human life. I then called the number in the brochure again, and although all I got was a recorder, within moments Rich, the pleasant and knowledgeable owner, appeared at the dock. He showed us around the place and gave us advice on marinas up ahead. He'd just purchased the one at the top of Cross Lake and that, like Midway, was open most of the year. However, he said, given the terrible summer just past, he was worried about his investment.

Besides the lack of use and the hiatus in boat rentals, the canal had overflowed several times. Residents had sustained considerable damage to their docks, watercraft, yards, and even homes. We'd noticed the collapsed banks along several sections, as well as the seemingly unusual amount of debris in the shallower water. While we were chatting Rich's large, energetic, and friendly yellow dog tried to board our boat, indicating he might want to join our expedition. Rich explained the dog was on a new medicine for a degenerative nerve disease, which left me musing over the possibility of Rich actually allowing the dog, in healthier condition, to join us and the chaos that such a huge, woolly creature would create in our tiny quarters. But I like people who love their animals and I put Rich on my Good People list.

We waved good-bye, assuring him we'd stop on the way back, and headed for Cross Lake. My partner was still smirking about the usefulness of the cell phone, a piece of technology I had railed against acquiring, but I warned him that if he didn't want to end up in the canal he'd better drop the subject. I won't admit it to him, but to you, dear reader, I'll say it straight, a cell phone is a great thing to have for finding gas on the canal and call-

ing ahead to the locks, especially if you are messing around in boats off season.

The scenery that day was lovely, even if the sky was gray. So much for red at night, sailor's delight! But the scarlet swamp maples, the golden birch, the yellowing ash, the dark green willows about to drop their pointy leaves, the occasional lacy larches still bushy with brassy needles, these gave enough color to brighten the entire trip. Late blooming goldenrod, purple asters, and leftover creamy Queen Anne's lace threw in their dashes of cheer and we were thoroughly content to just watch the autumn world go by as we put putted down the river canal.

As we got closer to the entrance to Cross Lake, we were passed by a number of local boats, some going considerably faster than the no wake limit of the canal. Cross Lake itself, however, was a gentle place with thick woods and marshes at the north end and a place to camp and picnic as well. Small Island, actually a pile of rocks overrun by ramshackle duck blinds balancing in the wind, lies in the south end of the lake and Big Island, larger and partially wooded but not all that impressive, sits in the middle of a hug created by southeast arms of the river.

Canadian geese were everywhere, especially in the middle of the lake where a huge throng of them totally ignored our little boat, noisy as it was when we speeded up. Mallards, too, many of them adolescents, were familiar sights. Also floating by were brant geese (smaller than the usual Canadian variety) and a small flock of snow geese in a variety of color stages, white, blue, and some in between. We heard woodpeckers and caught the flight of numerous blue jays and warblers. Many other birds flitted by but we'd left our book at home along with our better binoculars. At one point a wild turkey ducked into some brush and a flurry of moving grass and branches followed, suggesting a very large family.

Somewhere between Cross Lake and Baldwinsville, in the section after the State Ditch Cut, two large swans swam past, one in attack mode and one totally relaxed. Neither deigned to get out of our way and *The Mudlark* had to swerve to miss them. They were there when we came back, too, but then were nested together in the weeds.

We worried aloud about the large number of blue herons poking here and there in the shallows. Weren't they supposed to be going south or somewhere? I remembered hiking along the trails of the mangroves in Singapore where hundreds of blue, gray, and purple herons were wintering over. One bird, an elderly gray heron, particularly touched me. It sat on a piling in the canal, its shaggy wings pulled around itself, resembling an old man with rounded shoulders huddled into a fur parka. It looked as if it had flown there straight out of a Japanese scroll painting.

Between Cross Lake and Baldwinsville we entertained ourselves by comparing the architectural design of riverside homes, coming to the conclusion that the ones we liked best were the small, modest ones that had been there for some years. Their yards were replete with pines and oaks and lovely gardens, while the new developments wore that stark, overly hygienic look. It was sad to think of the beautiful woods and farms that had been eaten up for those huge homes. No wonder people are so concerned about unbridled

development along New York's canal system. The loss of wetlands and forests is a serious issue for the ecological balance of the planet. I made a mental note to write to my local representative (which I did).

At Baldwinsville, where a sign proclaimed it to be the "Small Spa on the River," we took the right fork (the left fork ends in a dam) to Lock 24. The town has a certain charm with a well-kept riverside park, outdoor amphitheater, and no doubt a good deal of history. Although half asleep now that October had set in, it's probably a pretty active little tourist spot in the summer.

After we re-entered the river the scenery turned natural and wild again. There had been several open pumps in Baldwinsville and we understood why as we passed dozens of people fly fishing from heavily powered bass boats. We threaded our way in between the boats at the neck and mouth of Onondaga Lake. But by the time we had traveled up and down the small lake, waving to the outskirts of Syracuse at the far end, and were returning to the lock, the weather had turned cold and gray enough to send most of the fisherfolk home. We were left pretty much to ourselves once again.

Coming into Onondaga Lake we had taken the south arm of the river and coming

out we took the north arm. We ended up, of course, in the same Seneca River but had circled Klein Island, an area that looked once, but not now, inhabited. Through the trees several dilapidated, abandoned buildings could be seen. In warmer weather it would have been fun to explore a little.

We anchored the second night on the south side of a long, narrow escarpment (marker G391), less than half a mile north of the State Ditch Cut. The threatening storm had passed over and the air was calm and good smelling. Here we easily imagined ourselves miles from civilization, on both sides of us were lovely, brightly colored woods and the small arm of the river in which we had anchored was covered with duckweed and floating plants. Although it was plenty deep for our boat, we had to swerve around floating logs at the entrance. A few fish jumped again but the chilly, cloudy night seemed to discourage foraging for insects on the surface. While many mosquitoes had swarmed around the boat the night before (a slightly unnerving sight through the glass), tonight there were none.

We pulled up anchor again about 9:00, played around for a while in Cross Lake, stopped to see Rich (but he'd left a note saying he was at the Cross Lake Marina), and

then chugged past Howland's Island and once again into the Montezuma marshes. A young eagle watched from a dead tree, testimony to the returning and growing eagle population in the area. A hawk glared at us from another tree. The same friendly lock keeper lifted us up to Cayuga Lake and, after exchanging sympathetic comments about the bad season, we wished each other a good winter and a better summer next year.

Cayuga Lake was now churning with a familiar north wind. After stopping at Hibiscus Harbor, which has a good marine store and a popular restaurant open on the weekends from October through May, we headed back to Ithaca. The waves whipped up even higher and we enjoyed the mild roller coaster-like fun of the crests and troughs all the way home. We took turns piloting *The Mudlark*, surfing as we call it, and by the time we reached port in the late, misty afternoon we were tired enough, and chilly enough, to call it a weekend.

Hopefully next summer we'll be able to take a much longer canal trip, but we'll also save a couple of fall weekends for messing around in the magical autumn colors. And I'm still concerned about the herons, and shouldn't the swans also have also been on their way?

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There is a good-sized lake just over the Florida line about ten miles from the shop. Lake Iamonia (pronounced "ammonia") is one of three natural lakes nearby that were "enhanced" by the government back in WPA days. I'll name these lakes for you because I like the sound of the words: Iamonia (nobody knows what that means any more), Miccosukee (means "Home" to the extinct Indians of this place), and Lake Jackson (named for Andrew Jackson, whose human rights principles while he was working for the government are the subject of skepticism).

Like Okeechobee, what they did to enhance these ancient natural lakes was to cut off the natural drainage out of the lake so the water level was supposed to stay high and stable enough to suit government purposes. Unlike Okeechobee, the grand scheme didn't work with these lakes around here. They are what we call sinkhole lakes because at the bottom end of all of them there is a big limesink where the water is very deep... sometimes. What happens is that every now and then, in sort of a cyclical manner, the bottom of the limesink will open up and the lake will drain absolutely dry in just a week or two.

It was very perplexing to the owners of high end real estate around Lake Jackson down within the suburbs of Tallahassee when that lake did that. All of a sudden their view was transformed from a beautiful, idyllic Florida scene worthy of reproduction in oil paint into a mud hole with umpteen jillion beer cans and bottles littering about 3,000 acres of mud so soft that nobody could walk out there to pick them up. It was a mess and it took about five years for the lake to come back. Lake Iamonia did that same thing not long ago and is just now getting straightened back up and the fishing is wonderful.

I'll get back to that in a minute, but first I want to try to explain the sinkhole phenomenon. What the government did was to dam off the lake from the sinkhole. During the time when the lake would naturally be full, the sinkhole (called the "basin") was full, too. Big trees grew all around the basin and the water was very black and so deep that lily pads and grass couldn't grow all the way up from the bottom and the basin was (is) very beautiful. There are rumors of very big fish living in the basin but, since the dam, there is no place to launch a boat in there (except for one of my little things...I think the first boat in the basin at Lake Iamonia since 1935 was a tin canoe).

What happened to put the government plans to naught was that, just as soon as they did all that work, another sinkhole opened up and drained the lake anyway. Nobody knows for sure the dynamics of the cyclical aspects of the draining and filling, but one theory is that the porous bottom of the sinkhole gets stopped up by vegetation and root-reinforced peat while the lake is more or less empty and plants can get enough light to grow.

Then, when it gets watertight enough, the lake fills up and stays full for long enough for the old vegetable material down there to gradually rot and let the water trickle through and then, all of a sudden, it all gets washed away into the cavities and underground rivers in the great Floridian aquifer from which we all get plenty of some of the best drinking water anywhere. You know the biggest single spring in the world is down below Tallahassee

Lake Iamonia Speckled Perch Bonanza

By Robb White

in Wakulla County and was home to the people of the last Ice Age who killed the mighty mammoth and the colossal megatherion with the exquisite Tallahassee spear point which (in my humble opinion) was the last exquisite thing to be named "Tallahassee."

I don't know how it is that the fish population in the lake grows so rapidly and the fish get so big so quickly, but in about a year-and-a-half after the lake fills back up it is full of big, healthy, hungry fish and is a regular bonanza for about three or four years before it reaches the regular old equilibrium of a pretty fair fishing hole. I think all those bushes and weeds growing in the rich dirt of the bottom of the lake enhances the environment for everybody. That peat in the bottom oxidizes, too, and I know that does something. Whatever it is, it is certainly an interesting phenomenon, and this year people have been wondering what it would be like when it finally got cold enough for the speckled perch to start biting in Lake Iamonia.

Speckled perch only bite down here in the late fall, winter, and early spring. Nobody I know knows what they do all summer long, but they apparently lie around in schools in deep holes and won't bite. One of my buddies says you can look at a fish finder and see the school open up to let the bait pass through but they won't bite for anything. One theory is that they fill up on little shad minnows and stuff and just aren't hungry. When they start biting in the fall they are always very fat and are developing good-sized roe, so it is obvious they weren't suffering all summer long. They also grow a lot during the summer, and last spring they were all little, hungry, and plentiful.

Well, we had some good cold weather which was associated with the same system that brought all that snow up country and all the local fishermen kept trying and finally, the specks started. Wow, it was something. They were pretty good sized (average a little better than half a pound) and were biting like crazy. The limit is 25 per person and nobody had to fish more than two hours to catch that. I hate to have to say it but a lot of these small-time speck fishermen are selling their catch. It is not illegal to sell speckled perch but it is illegal to catch 25 and go sell them (or hide them) and then trot right back down there, but you know, when it gets too cold for yard man work to pay off, the yard man falls on hard times and a lot of self-employed people around here have never adhered to the policies of the government when unnecessary.

Independent working people have had plenty of experience with the government and only a stupid person would fail to recognize that government programs really are not set up to help small time folks...black or white... here in the South. I'll just cite the agricultural policies for an example. None of those programs managed to elevate the small farmers of this region to any level where they could become major contributors to the

campaign funds of politicians like those oil company style corporations that run most of the agriculture in this country. I don't know about Norwegian bachelor farmers up north, but there aren't any small time farmers down here anymore. These yard men just don't think the government is exactly on their side so they don't pay all that much attention to any rules that don't make sense to them and have been taught by experience to think for themselves.

Speckled perch (crappie) are apt to overpopulate a lake in a little while and, when that happens, the fish in the lake get littler and littler and thinner and thinner until they aren't fit to eat. These in Lake Iamonia right now are very fat...and worth about one dollar each. A day's fishing is not only pleasant work but the wages beat hell out of yard man work.

So as soon as I got the word, I got the itch. Unfortunately, it was just before Christmas and we are in the throes of trying to build Christmas presents for the family children and it is a job. We always start too late and are still assembling rocking horses and little boats and all in the middle of Christmas Eve night. Old Sam is working more hours at the shop now so he can have a little spare change for the season, too, and the baby is rampaging all over the place trying to swallow screws and things, so there wasn't any time to go to Lake Iamonia and, since the freezer is filling up with venison, no real excuse.

But, Sam's wife took Friday afternoon off so he decided to take the baby to keep her company and that left Jane and me all alone. "Go get the minnows and I'll get the boat ready," she said as soon as Sam's car was out of sight. I hurried to the bait store/pawn shop with my little icebox, but when I got there the roach spraying man was there and so was a fishing tackle salesman and I had to wait. Charles (the proprietor) was teasing the roach spraying man. "You know I ain't gonna keep giving you 24 bucks a month to come spray that water around and not keep these roaches under control," he said.

"You think this is water?" said the roach man. "Let me spray these crickets and we'll see," said he, sidling over to the cricket box where 3,000 bream crickets were chirping their forlorn little, inbred tune.

"Naw, man," said Charles, "I was just playing with you, but you still ain't got these roaches under control in here."

"That's because they come in them TVs you are always taking in on pawn," exclaimed the spray man. "I can come in here and kill them all and then somebody will bring in a TV just full of roaches and they'll come out and eat cricket feed and multiply like vermin until I come back next month."

"Yeah, well," the bait man said, "two days after you left last month, I went home and took off my leg to get in bed and one of them little German roaches crawled out of the top hollow of my wooden leg!"

"That probably wasn't a bait store roach," said the roach man. "That roach probably crawled in there while you was laying up down at that other woman's house."

At that the salesman chirped up. "Charles," he said. "I always wondered about two things. One is, how come all y'all one-legged men are all the time trying to put it to some woman? Is it some kind of compensation for being one-legged like how

a wheelchair man always goes about 25 miles an hour when he is walking with you? My brother-in-law runned over a chicken and killed him while we were out strolling the other day. The other thing is, do you take off your leg before you get in the bed with the other woman? I mean, if it was your wife you would, but if it is the other woman you might need it if her husband was to come home unexpectedly."

At that the roach man chimed in. "You know, that probably was a bait store roach crawled out of your leg...probably come out of that TV you give the woman so she would keep being accommodating to an old man like you."

"Dammit, y'all," I finally had to say. "I need me some minnows."

I haven't got any use for 12-1/2 lbs. of speckled perch so I only got a dozen toughies. "Tuffy" is a trade name for minnows bred so as to have very tough heads so they won't sling off the hook and no brains so the hook through the head won't injure them. You know it don't take brains to be bait.

When I got back to the shop, Jane got up from where she had been sitting on a bucket the whole time I was at the bait store listening to all that nonsense and had the boat trailer by the tongue (the Grumman sport boat and its aluminum trailer, "Trailex," came on the UPS truck...don't weigh enough to notice) before I got turned around.

We were gone in a flash and 20 minutes later were moseying out into the lake with the electric trolling motor. Which, one of the best things the government did was to outlaw internal combustion engines on Lake Iamonia

during duck season. I used to be able to sell rowboats to duck hunters back before they invented the electric trolling motor. Jane caught the first speck before we were off the paved part of the boat ramp. Then she caught nine more. I have always wondered at that phenomenon. Here we were, both sitting in the same boat and fishing with the exact same chartreuse crappie jig with minnows so inbred that I bet they couldn't be differentiated by a DNA test and she was catching the fish.

Of course, she was fishing a Mickey Mouse Zebco and I had my Snoopy rig, but the line was all the fish knew about and it was old, blue DuPont Stren 4-1b. test off the same spool. I was using the well proven "Iverson slow wind" retrieve and she was using the "Jane White lift and drop," but in the interest of science we switched movements and she kept catching them Mr. Iverson's way. It is mystifying.

Finally I caught one or two and we went home with a nice little mess of specks. While we were getting ready to pull out I noticed James (the yard man) come in and trot to the truck with a little six-pack style icebox and make a deposit of what I knew was exactly 25 speckled perch in his big icebox back in the bushes and, before I could get backed back down to haul my boat, he was pushing off. "Going back, James?" I said.

"Yep....got to go help my cousin." James is a Viet Nam veteran and, you know, they generally have a pretty well-developed sense of skepticism.

How a yard man launches his commercial fishing boat: They have it down to an exact science. The boats are all butt

headed. In small lakes, like Iamonia, the preferred rig is a small aluminum Jon boat with nothing but an electric trolling motor.

But if, like James, the man fishes in bigger lakes like Talquin or Seminole, he has a bigger boat with a little shape to the bow so it won't pound and throw water quite as bad.

They still prefer a butt head configuration, though. They also like low sided boats so they'll be easy to get into or out of.


Unlike organized fishermen, who would be disenfranchised if they were seen in anything with less than 200hp, these independents have no use for ostentatious bass boats and the favorite gas engine is the OMC 9.9. If they are fishing Lake Iamonia during duck season in their big lake boat like James does, they just run the trolling motor over the bow and don't crank the 9.9.

When they arrive at the lake they back down to the ramp immediately and get out of the truck, unhook the winch, and set out the anchor (a favorite is an automobile flywheel) on the bank beside the ramp. Then they back up fast and drag brakes with an exactitude born of much practice and the boat slides off the trailer with just the right inertia to fetch up on the anchor line just enough to stop the boat and ease it back in.

The man parks the rig and trots (the invention of the riding lawnmower is taking the spring out of that trot) back to the boat. By then it is nosing up against the bank so he climbs over the bow, gets in his swivel chair, and is fishing before the ripples from the launching are 20' away from the ramp.



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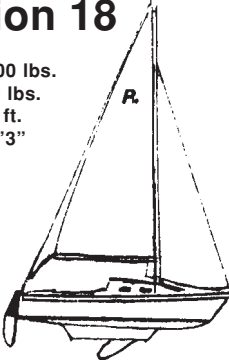
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Fifth Day
Wednesday, June 16, 2004

In the early morning I awoke and strolled down to the water's edge. The sky was almost exploding with stars, a magnificent aerial panorama. It would be, no doubt, an ideal weather day on the river.

Later at daybreak I stirred from sleep, awakened not from natural causes but from a brief torrential downpour, followed by hurricane-like winds. Every gust would shake the tent so violently that, minus my body weight holding it down, the pegs would have undoubtedly been yanked out and the whole outfit blown downriver to land wherever. I thought the tent seams might rip apart. I stayed in my sleeping bag for 20 minutes to save myself, tent, and equipment. In time the brunt of the windstorm lessened, my tent spared.



Knowledge is power. In anticipation of future trips, Mike logs in Windy Camp Campsite on his topographical map.

The breakfast topic centered around the terrible wind. Larry left our circle momentarily to attend to some matter. Upon returning he related his story. "The wind caught my tent, tumbled it over, and it landed in a heap at Dick's tent," he said. "I headed down to retrieve it, not in any particular hurry as it seemed safe. Then another gust lifted the whole tent airborne over Dick's. I ran after it, as the tent landed finally about 2' from a creek."

This high-flying event prompted wind stories on previous expeditions. I had none to relate but silently changed the Steak Night name to Windy Camp. The others had something to say. "I was once on an all-ladies feminist canoeing trip," Carolyn recalled. "It was wild. We had an Indian spiritualist along. Every morning we would ascend the nearest hill and the lady would identify the various winds, north, south, east, west, and what they meant. We even had a sweat tent with all the women naked inside, followed by a dip in the river."

The weather had finally stabilized enough to break camp. "Poling, poling, poling," Mike would always sing as we shoved off, a takeoff of Willie Nelson's *Rolling, Rolling, Rolling*. Upon peeling out to head down-

"Canoeing the Cascapédia: Québec's Salmon River"

Part III

By Richard E. Winslow III
(For Ed Masteller, who would have loved this trip)

stream, Mike continued his singing, "On the river again," in deference to Willie Nelson's *On The Road Again*. On a more serious note, he commented on the early European explorers who started at the mouth of rivers. "We have it easy, the current carrying us downstream," he said. "The French and English explorers had to battle upstream against the rapids to reach the headwaters, back breaking work."



Don't desert the expedition. Secret poling conference evidently concludes that it is best to head downstream.

Just 20 minutes into the morning paddle we spotted a sign in English, "DANGER," hand painted in letters on a board stuck in the gravel. I had no idea what to expect. We soon came to a screaming right turn as the river crooked. A second "DANGER" sign appeared in a huge tree and log jam barrier, with a raging stream underneath, torn loose from the main river to create an island. Heeding the warning, we eddied out on river right for a candy break. A full-force collision into that log pile by inattentive canoeists would have resulted in certain injury, if not death.

"This river reminds me of the Liard in the Yukon," Mike explained. "The channels themselves and the mountains in the Yukon are just a little bigger and higher." In the raw morning air, as I watched the surge of water tearing under that blocked-off passageway I beheld the wild power of the Cascapédia, to resemble the land of the Yukon which poet Robert Service described as, "Where the mountains are nameless, and the rivers flow God knows where." That description was just as apt here.

Our party soon emerged into a widening of the river, in fact the Cascapédia was picking up volume from ruisseaux (tributaries) which, along with additional rainwater, began to widen into a broader river. The weather gods had now reversed their strategy. The proverbial blue Dutchman's pants, rents here and there in the sky, kept expanding as a bright sun shot through. It presented ideal conditions to make up time for the previous lost half day.

The river cut through a redrock cliff section with layers fractured to resemble stacks

of bricks. The bottom layer was solidly intact, the whole wall still damp, with the sun's rays not yet reaching the bottom of the canyon.

Finally with an exit from the canyon to a widening, the sun shot through to the water. Salmon rose to the surface. Mike glanced down. "There are three large salmon swimming below," he said. A short time later, "I see seven more."

Out of nowhere I heard a generator putting on river left. The Cascapédia was now aligned parallel to the paved highway Route 299, the north-to-south road across the Gaspé Peninsula. Mike recognized the situation immediately. "We're approaching a fishing camp," he said, "and they have placed the generator far enough away to lessen the noise for the guests." Larry had landed at the camp's dock and walked up to the main lodge. A woman, a friend of Larry's came out. The rest of us stayed far enough away to allow privacy, but I heard the lady say, in keeping with the traditional spirit of hospitality of the north, "Come up to the dining room for coffee and refreshments." Larry quietly demurred. "All our fishermen are out on the river downstream," she said. "They are allowed one fish per person per day."



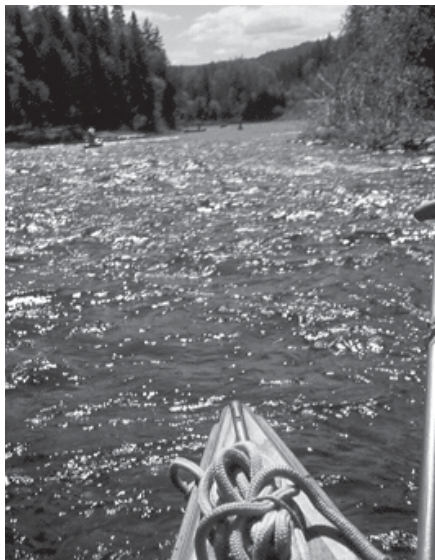
Seen all along the Cascapédia on virtually every camp roof, iron salmon weathervanes honor the region's world-famous fishing reputation.

Resuming our paddle, we encountered two or three green canoes, a sport, perhaps two, in the middle with guides, one in the bow holding a net, and the other in the stern handling the outboard motor. They appreciated our swinging wide to allow them plenty of room for their casts, a standard canoeing courtesy to leave fishing areas unruffled by our paddle strokes and wake.

Before the white men came the Micmacs fished for nothing, taking as many salmon as they pleased. Now with the advent of civilization, the average going rate (lodging, fees, licenses, and mandatory guide service) is about \$1,000 a day. Like the few who can afford horse racing, salmon fishing is likewise a sport of kings, and queens. Despite their expenses, the sports, alas, had caught nothing.

Soon we were hearing the sound of traffic. When we emerged to view cars and logging trucks on the highway, the drivers always waved and honked to us in a friendly fashion. We waved back with free hands.

On my previous canoeing trips someone would invariably say, two or three times a day, "What a beautiful river." If I did not hear those words, I would have known something was wrong. As Carolyn pulled up alongside our canoe, she and Mike exclaimed the same words, "It doesn't get any better than this." We repeated those words every two or three minutes, without any exaggeration of our feelings. The river, the mountains, the forest, the blue sky, the current, the salmon sightings, and everything about it had enraptured our minds. We pilgrims had finally found the promised river, the Cascapédia.



"It doesn't get any better than this." My usual view of the river with watery diamonds flashing under the high noon sun.

When we approached another fishing canoe, the friendly guides offered the usual comments and added, "The worst rapids of the whole river are about a mile ahead," (or I suppose, to an experienced whitewater canoeist who wanted excitement, the best rapids).

As we raced along I noticed that throughout almost the whole trip the full grown forest with so many tall trees had been left pristine, all to my satisfaction. "These slopes are so steep that loggers couldn't safely cut it," Mike explained. "Bulldozers and trucks would be unable to handle the grade and would almost likely tumble down the mountainside. Laws are in effect, in fact, to ban such unsafe cutting."



On one particular section with a road curve above I noticed a parked car on the soft shoulder. Mike began shouting to me. "Dick, that girl is calling to you." It did not seem logical but I responded, "Let's back paddle," as we swung toward the shore and grabbed a branch before the current could sweep us downstream. A woman was scrambling on the side of the embankment. "Richard, Richard," she exclaimed. "I recognized your red hat. I'm Sylvie from last year's Coulonge River expedition." Yes, it was Sylvie and her boyfriend who had spotted our canoes from the road and stopped the car. Sylvie was a Montreal bank official who happened to be here on vacation. The odds for such a chance meeting were just about impossible. Sylvie and I compared all too brief notes as Mike and I were compelled to catch up with the others, already far out of sight.

"See you on the river," is the canoeist's traditional farewell greeting yet it is most often an illusion. You rarely, if ever, see your canoeing companions again, and besides, they seldom write letters. But this encounter convinced me that if you paddle long enough, go on expedition after expedition, you will eventually meet up with an old canoeing friend at some remote place. I had now experienced this miracle myself, a highlight of the expedition.

Presently we heard a throaty roar downstream and soon viewed the rapids, Porcupine Rapids, or the Rapids at the Forks as it was locally known. In deference to the fisherman's admonitions, Mike and Larry decided to scout it. Our initial on-the-water reconnaissance was inadequate as we could not see the whole route. For an overlook we climbed up to the road. The Cascapédia had picked up Ruisseau Indian Falls on river left and charged ahead on a hard right fast turn. Our guides gave it a Class II classification, a moderately difficult run with obstacles. Considering it was in a wilderness setting, with any injury which would require medical treatment at a distant hospital, they added another gradation to classify the prickly Porcupine as Class III.

There were left to right, three possible routes. The river left section began with blue water, unraveled as a braided stream over a gravel bar with battered tree limbs hung up, half submerged in the water, half dry in the sun. In river middle, the rapids tore around protruding boulders for a relatively clear shot to the "V" in the distance. The far river right was a horse or a rapids of a different color, continuous white water for probably a half-mile. A dump at the top of the rapids would have meant being swept down for a tumbling ride with little chance (that we could see anyway) of affecting a self-rescue. Survival at the bottom was thus an option, not a certainty. Our plan was to work down the left side, head out gradually to avoid the rock pile, and catch the middle trough.

"I'll step out, Mike, and walk down to the end of the rapids, and rejoin you there," I said. "I know my abilities in these tricky situations. If I don't show, that means a black bear got me."

"You stay with me, Dick, otherwise a truck will get you."

With ample spacing for each canoe ahead to have room and time, our canoes entered the fast water. We maneuvered down with much scraping. An inadvertent drift to

the right would have sucked the canoe into the runaway rapid. We all, however, handled the run with precision, escaping with much splashed-up water in the hulls, lurching back and forth. Vigorous bailing solved that problem.

Finding a campsite during the afternoon was top priority with a string of marginal sites at best which would have required much brushing out. A lone canoe tied up at a dock tipped off Larry to land. There were ample sites in the ferns with the sweet aroma of a poplar grove, like aspens. A rutted, half-abandoned road led up a hill to the paved highway. The din of traffic was far enough away for an excellent night's sleep at Canoe Camp.

(To Be Continued)

As equally adept along with his paddle, spatula or ax, Larry uses a drawknife to shave canoeing pole.



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International Scene

The European Commission is determined to criminalize seafarers who err, stating that its review of penal sanctions had been fair and balanced and in line with existing liability laws for other industries. The industry said that statement was preposterous.

The Dutch transport minister warned the shipping industry that it will see even more "unnecessary" regulations if there is another accident on the scale of those from the *Prestige* and *Erika*. She admitted that post-*Erika* regulations had gone too far but said politicians were forced by public outrage and failure of the shipping industry to regulate itself.

Apostolos Mangouras, the master of the tanker *Prestige*, has been detained in Spain since that vessel sank in November 2002 and much of its oil fouled the coast of Spain and France. Even though a judge rejected the latest appeal, Mangouras may be allowed to return to Greece until a trial. And Spain said it had recovered the last of the oil in the sunken *Prestige's* tanks using an innovative new procedure.

Prices for Very Large Crude Carriers (big tankers) are about one-third higher than last year.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Most voyages are deadly dull routine but there are exceptions. As usual, a sampling:

An explosion, or a carbon-dioxide incident, killed the master, chief engineer, chief officer, and third engineer on the container ship *YM People* 400 nm off Sri Lanka.

A vessel carrying illegal immigrants from Africa capsized off Tunisia, drowning at least 60.

Typhoon Songda caused the Indonesian-flagged *Tri Ardhiantu* to run aground and roll on its side, killing eight and leaving 14 missing.

Off East Sussex, the 2,000dwt freighter *Manaav Star* ran aground. She was finally refloated after two excavators dug a trench and a large tug used one of the longest hawsers in the world to reach the high and dry (at low tide) ship.

In Siberia, a small tanker caught fire near the Yakut village of Yuryung-Hai. Six people were saved, four with severe burns, while another seven were missing.

Outside the port of Esbjerg in Denmark, the windmill erection ship *Ocean Ady* hit the dredger *Thor R* and the *Thor R* sank in less than a minute. Nobody was hurt.

Radios sometimes help, sometimes don't. The small converted fishing boat *Inis Mil* sank while en route from Ireland to France. Its crew of four floated in a life raft off Cornwall for a week before being rescued, saved by a mobile phone whose owner had conserved the battery until land was spotted.

Although in radio communication, the bulkier *Heng Shan* and the smaller container carrier *MSC Lucia* collided in Singapore waters.

In northern Greece, the master of the *Susie* was talking on his cell phone and ran the ship into a hillside.

Others can get into trouble without electronic assistance. The ro/ro Finnish *Global Freighter* hit the bottom in Finland and the master ran it ashore. Some oil spilled but was contained.

The tanker *Lucky Lady* ran aground in Indonesia and spilled part of its cargo.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Grounding of the Canadian freighter *Bahama Spirit* closed the port of Charleston, South Carolina, and 3,500 tons of its cargo of crushed granite was dumped overside before it could be freed. The granite will have to be cleaned up.

Farther south, the cement-loaded bulkier *Federal Pescadores* ran onto rocks while trying to anchor off Ft. Lauderdale.

Even new ships ran into trouble (spelled "the bottom"). The brand new Iranian container ship *Iran Ardebel* ran aground in the Bab al Mandeb Straits and was pulled free with some difficulty.

Off Norway, the brand new LPG carrier *Marta* lost power and started drifting towards rocks and the master was unable to anchor in the deep water. By the time local tugs arrived he had anchored in shallower water only 50-100 metres from shore.

And don't forget the little boats and their operators. After an October 1 cyclone passed over waters off Gujarat in far-western India, as many as 2,000 fishermen and 260-odd boats may have gone missing. Authorities confirmed that over 700 fishermen in 200 boats had yet to reach home ports.

Aboard the factory fishing vessel *Aokai* in sub-Antarctic Circle waters below New Zealand, the legs of Hugh Hope became trapped in a fish grinding machine. One leg was cut off and the other leg was pinned in an auger. Doctors on shore decided it was best to leave him there while the vessel headed to port at its top speed. Meanwhile, he was read messages from his family but Hugh Hope didn't make it.

The Grey Fleets

The Royal Navy minesweeper *HMS Grimsby* hit the moored and unmanned ferry *Duchess M* at Gravesend on the Thames and badly damaged the 63-passenger vessel. Complicating life for some time was the false report of a man overboard.

The body of a female Royal Navy officer was found in her berth aboard the frigate *HMS Cornwall*. Authorities suspect an illness was the cause.

But Royal Navy types concerned with the new aircraft carriers must have felt that progress is being made. The badly overweight STOVL F-35 Strike Fighter has lost weight and will now be able to use the carriers.

The last of four diesel-electric attack submarines chartered by Canada left the U.K. after trials (in which an attending tug had to be beached) and promptly had a major electrical fire north of Ireland. While being helicoptered to a hospital one man died of smoke inhalation, and *HMCS Chicoutimi* was towed back to the U.K. for repairs. The four subs have been plagued by various problems after being mothballed by the Royal Navy in 1994 in favorite of nuclear subs.

The Indian Navy held a joint exercise with U.S. Navy vessels and aircraft. The Malabar exercise concentrated on honing anti submarine skills on both sides.

Farther north, and chillier, the Northern Eagle 2004 exercise between 11 warships of Russia's northern fleet and several U.S. warships included the cruiser *USS Hue City*.

Northern Eagle was the first bilateral exercise between the two countries.

In recent weeks the Nigerian Navy arrested 23 vessels accused of smuggling Nigerian oil but has had a hard time keeping them arrested. At least two, the Russian tanker *Jimah* and the tanker *African Pride*, have escaped. Both were full of crude oil. The *Jimah* was found at Dutch Island newly renamed *Lord*. Allegations of bribery involving senior officials were made during parliamentary investigations.

In a notorious chokepoint in the Singapore Straits at night, the container ship *Merkur Bridge* was passing the landing ship, tanker *RSS Persistence*, when it had to suddenly swerve to miss the oncoming tanker *High Endurance*. The LST was sideswiped and the tanker was hit, starting two small fires on it. All vessels stayed afloat.

A survey of New Zealand's aging frigate *HMNZS Canterbury* revealed that its decks are now too thin to walk on safely and hull plates are also thin. Authorities wanted 18 more months of life from the vessel but it is no longer considered as fully operational.

Here to There and Back

Seventy-odd people on Norse Merchant's ferry *Lagan Viking* were trapped behind a locked door when it would not open after arrival at Belfast. The ship was taken out into Belfast Lough where the next morning a shipyard crew burned a way in (or out) and everyone departed some 14 hours late.

Cleveland has decided it wants to join the modern ferry business and has selected giant Dutch vessel operator Royal Wagenborg to operate a freight and passenger service between Cleveland and Canada. The firm is well-known on the Great Lakes for its freighters. Operations should start in the spring of 2006.

The operators of the fast ferry *Spirit of Ontario* suddenly ceased operations after carrying some 140,000 passengers between Rochester and Toronto this summer. Slow actions and unexpected decisions by several governmental agencies on both side of the lake caused the company to need between \$3.5 and \$5 million in the bank before resuming service. And a judge impounded the vessel for an unpaid \$372,868 fuel bill (that represents about ten days of operation). The company promptly asked for guardian custody of the ferry to avoid need for paying the U.S. marshals guarding the vessel.

The new Alaskan fast ferry *Fairweather* may be a handful in windy conditions. In 25-knot winds at Skagway it clipped a pier, then bumped into a dolphin and cut mooring lines to a cruise ship. Unconnected with the above, the ferry will be out of service while the crew gets night training. Last May, when the crew was trained, the Alaskan days were too long to allow such training.

In Europe, P&O Ferries will not only lay off 1,200 personnel, eliminate four routes, transfer two vessels to Brittany Ferries along with a further 350 jobs, and cut frequency of service on five of 13 routes, but it will outsource operational activities to third-party ship managers.

Norway has decided to allow ferry operators to bring in seal hunters. Seals are considered to be a nuisance threat to the fishing industry and the annual quota of 2,100 killings is not being met by local hunters.

In New Zealand, Tranz-Rail's Cook Strait ferry *Aratere* was in the narrow Tory Channel under automatic course-keeping control when the master noticed the ship wasn't responding and used manual control. Manual steering must now be used in those waters and in Wellington Harbour although this may mean hiring four quartermasters. The ex-Spanish ferry, now American-owned, has a long history of problems since being delivered in December 1998, including crushing a fishing vessel while trying to berth at Wellington in July.

And in New Zealand, Interisland's rival Cook Strait ferry *Arahura* returned from repairs in Australia and the proprietors decided to celebrate by providing free passages on Fridays for two weeks. One small problem, if you made a reservation by email there was a credit charge of one cent because of software requirements.

In Australia, Austal launched the largest aluminium vessel ever built. The 127m (417') *Benchijugua Express* is a trimaran ferry for the Fred Olsen company. It will be as fast as a catamaran but with better sea behavior in varying sea states and the builder anticipates considerable military interest.

There was panic aboard the Mombasan ferry *Kilindini* when engines stopped and it started drifting out to sea. Two speedboats brought out mechanics who fixed the problems.

This month's ferry tragedy seems to be the capsizing of a ferry rated for 80 people on the Jialing River in China's Sichuan Province because it was overloaded. About half of the 135 on board were saved.

Vacation Boats

The *Rotterdam* ran into the edge of Hurricane Karl and engineers discovered "unprecedented sediment" in the engines' lubricating oil filters. The engine stopped and so the ship's active stabilizers ceased working. Five people were slightly hurt in the resulting 20° rolls and everyone was happier when the engines started again.

Carnival Cruise Line had a net income of over \$1 billion in a quarter for the first time.

The *Jewel of the Sea* pulled into Halifax with a large finback whale, quite dead, draped across its bulbous bow.

The *Van Gogh* T-boned the oil tanker *Spetses* in fog off southern Spain and both vessels were damaged but had no spills or injuries. Authorities had radioed to both vessels that visibility was zero but they managed to find each other anyhow.

Seven crew members were testing the lifeboats on the *Empress of the Seas* when one plunged 60' into the water. Four crewmen were hospitalized. They were lucky. All too often a death or two is part of such "safety" exercises. Such was true when five Filipino seamen in a raft were lowered into the Ocean from the ore carrier *Lowlands Grace* off Western Australia. The raft suddenly dropped about 100' and two were killed while the remainder suffered severe injuries.

The disabled *Norway* may yet return to its homeland because a French property developer could be ready to buy the vessel, once the pride of the French merchant marine as *France*. But he may have competition from Dutch and South Korean bidders.

Pushing Metal

After a month of riots and protest, Spain's prime minister said he would save Spain's shipyards and solve the problems of state-owned shipbuilder Izar. SEPI, Izar's parent company, wants to separate military and commercial construction but almost nobody likes the idea.

The German steel and coal union claimed that German shipyards will cut employment by 41% next year.

Legal Niceties

The Justice Department announced that the operators of the floating oil storage vessel *Anitra* agreed to pay \$1.5 million for releasing 40,000 gallons of oil below the surface of Delaware Bay in 1996. Most of the oil came ashore, befouling 50 miles of beaches.

Bulgaria called for the detention of the Russia-bound Georgian cargo ship *Al Taufik* after it hit-and-ran a Bulgarian fishing boat, killing one in the Black Sea.

Australia fined the owner of the bulk carrier *Pax Phoenix* \$62,000 for discharging oily wastes into Great Barrier Reef waters in 2001.

In Montana, U.S. customs rejected a containerized shipment of Chinese porcelain vases when it detected wheat-like plant material in them. Gamma ray technology was used and similar inspections should be expected at seaports.

At Port Newark, an overpowering smell led to the discovery of the body of an Asiatic man in a container of artificial Christmas tress from China.

Pirates, Terrorists, and Other Nasties

In one week the crews of two tankers repelled armed pirates off Indonesia. Although big ship piracy may get the headlines, fishermen entering Somali waters are often kidnapped and held for ransom by pirates dressed in government uniforms. Also held for ransom are the officers of tugs towing barges in the Far East. Ransoms are usually bargained down and the kidnappees are rarely killed.

Environment

When the container ship *Katerina* arrived at Long Beach, crew members told dock workers they had thrown trash and discharged oil and sewerage overboard. Coast Guard inspectors found plenty of evidence and the master, chief engineer, and second engineer were arrested and now face up to 20 years in jail.

Since 1843, the Royal Navy has planted once totally barren Ascension Island with tropical trees and plants from Argentina, South Africa, and the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. Now a luxurious tropical forest covers Green Mountain and scientists are puzzled because such a complex ecosystem should emerge only through a slow evolution.

Odd Bits

When the sex trials started on remote Pitcairn Island, its postmaster quickly confessed to sexual assaults on two 12-year-old girls in the '70s and early '80s. He will probably serve time in a new six-cell gaol, complete with imported gaolers, about 150' from his home. His confession may open the way for confessions from 13 other defendants, but they are simply "the tip of the iceberg." The

47 inhabitants of the island are descendants of the *HMS Bounty* mutineers.

The Icelandic container ship *Detifoss* carried a 22-tonne hunk of an iceberg to Rotterdam from where it was trucked to be shown outside a Paris museum. The purpose was to draw attention to Icelandic science and culture. The exhibition closes on January 5 but the ice may not last that long.

Using a steerable Azipod unit with counter-rotating propellers in place of a rudder on two new Japanese ferries gave them distinct advantages over similar but smaller ferries using two shafts with rudders. The older ferries used about 20% more fuel for a slightly lower service speed.

Mexican customs officials were accused of denying or delaying the delivery of fuel to visiting ships.

Fishing boats closed several French Mediterranean ports in a protest against rising fuel prices.

Dutch unions at the Port of Rotterdam and elsewhere protested the government's plans to modify the Dutch welfare state by increasing the age for early retirement schemes from 55; for instance, raising taxes and reducing the size of its armed forces, including the Navy.

The Panama Canal is nearing its capacity, carrying about 10% more Panama Canal/Universal Measurement System tons than the year before. This is partially due to more transits by Panamax vessels, particularly container ships.

Divers located the wreckage of the battleship *HMS Victoria*, which sank off Lebanon 111 years ago after a collision with *HMS Camperdown*. The admiral had ordered a stupid and deadly maneuver to show off his fleet to observers on shore. The *Victoria* carried with it the admiral plus 384 other men.

And in the Canadian Arctic, a Royal Navy team found parts of the engine and the anchor of *Victory*, the ship carrying Sir John Ross and his nephew, Sir James Clark Ross, while searching for the Northwest Passage. Trapped in the ice, the vessel was abandoned in 1832.

So many intercontinental subseas fiber-optic cables have been laid that several are not being used so it is no surprise that Global Marines is about to axe six of its 15 cable ships.

The U.S. merchant fleet gained six vessels when AP Moller Maersk transferred them to serve long-term under the Maritime Security Program that keeps militarily useful tonnage operating under the U.S. flag. But Maersk may transfer several older vessels from the U.S. flag since they no longer qualify for a government subsidy.

In Jamaica, only four days after Kaiser Jamaica sold its Discovery Bay bauxite-loading facility, the loading shuttle collapsed across the deck of the fully loaded *Ocean Galaxy*, delaying its sailing and leaving the port non-operational.

The new luxury sailboat *Mirabella V*, famed for its world's tallest single mast, ran aground on the French Riviera while its crew was dining.

The former tea clipper *Cutty Sark* needs £25 million in major repairs and it will be protected by a giant "tea cozy" and suspended in a web so visitors can walk underneath to watch the rebuilding.

The Gift Boat

By Mississippi Bob Brown



The topsides.



The two parts of the boat and the pile of stuff that came off.

The forward cockpit with the window and boot.



One of the rules that I learned early on was to be leery of a free boat. When a boat is free, there is usually a good reason. Well folks, I broke my own rule. A friend offered me a free sea kayak and like a fool I took it home. I really needed another new project.

The boat was an Eddy Line San Juan. These boats are about 22' long. It will not fit into my shop when it is reassembled. This boat has had a hard life. A previous owner had done a bunch of bad things to it. This includes cutting off the last 3'.

The story that I got was as follows. A couple owners ago the man wanted to make a sailboat out of it and rigged it up as a trimaran. The boat got a lot of added hardware that Eddy Line hadn't installed. Some time later the owner made a motor boat out of it by cutting a hole through the bottom just forward of the front seat so an outboard could be mounted there. He installed a boot made of a rubberized fabric around this hole.

When I got the boat the hole had been closed up with a clear plastic window. The man must have liked the viewing ports because he installed one in the rear cockpit, also. There was also a hole through the bottom about 1-1/2" diameter just forward of the forward bulkhead. I have no idea what it was for. It had been closed up with caulk. There was another hole through the deck just behind the forward cockpit, forward of the center cargo hatch. This must have been for the mast step as there was what looked to be a mast step glued inside near the keel. A mast must have stood there as there was a lot of hardware pop riveted to the deck and sides in this area.

The "friend" who gave me the boat got it with a Venture catamaran, attached between the hulls of the cat for extra flotation, I guess. I am also guessing that the stern got cut off just behind the rear bulkhead because it was too long to fit under the cat very well. The cut-off stern section had what appears to be a second mast step for a mizzen. This stern section could be reattached with latches that held it on yet allowed for its removal. There was also a watertight (?) bulkhead installed in the stern section. There was hardware attached all over the boat, much of it I had no idea why.

It is really hard for me to think that anyone could be that hard on a boat. When I worked at the yacht club they said that it only took one bad owner to ruin a good wooden boat. Maybe the same can be said about kayaks.

I feel that my friend gave me this boat because I was one of the few people that he knew who could put it back together. I thought about it for a couple weeks before I started anything. When I did start I did so by removing all the hardware. Much came off with a drill to remove pop rivets. I saved all the hardware to weigh when I was done. As I write this I have removed 15lbs. and I'm not done yet.

Some of the things that came off included good through hull fittings that I will save for some job. Why the bicycle head set was mounted in the forward cargo compart-

ment, I simply can't guess. This part lined up with a hole through the bottom that had been caulked over.

I removed the windows and a section of sail track that went from the bow to the front cockpit. This track ended at a large ring that had been installed, for mooring, I guess. This ring and its base weighed nearly a pound by themselves.

I removed light sockets from each end. These sockets were the kind that is used to hold a stern light. There were bits of electric wire inside the boat but they went from nowhere to nowhere. I found an electric bilge pump inside the boat, looked good, I'll keep it.

I had about ten hours invested in this boat when I got bogged down with some really tough caulk that has to come off before I can glass on patches. I'm guessing it's 5200? I also pulled off some Velcro type stuff from the cockpit coamings. This material split leaving a real gummy mess that doesn't wash off with either mineral spirits or acetone.

I was racing against winter as it would soon be too cold to work with epoxy outdoors. When the stern goes back on, the boat will not fit in my shop. In November on the first Saturday the weather was quite warm, nearly record heat. I should have been out on the lake but I was trapped at home babysitting. To make the most of the day I decided to clean out my shop. It really needed it. The boat got dragged outside and an hour later the shop looked presentable. I looked at the boat laying on my lawn and decided that it could stay outside for the winter. I blocked it off the ground right next to the kennel fence.

The day was so warm that I decided to do some fiberglassing outside. I could make the boards that would eventually cover the holes in the bottom. I had the boat blocked upside down and I simply cleaned the bottom good near the holes to be patched and taped down some wax paper next to the holes. I built up some boards from three layers of glass making patches large enough to cover the holes. These boards have the same curve as the hull where they were made. When I'm ready these boards will cemented down inside the hull covering the holes. When they are cured I can then build up a smooth fair surface on the outside.

Some of the caulk can be ground off during the warm days of the winter but right now I have another project that needs my attention. The shop is cleaned out and I have a fleet that needs paint and varnish. When that is done there is a boat that I have fallen in love with that I found in Chappelle's book about small American sailing craft. Chappelle drew up the lines for a garvey that he measured in 1951. I want a boat that I can sail or row that will fit into the back of my Ranger truck. Chappelle's boat was probably made of New Jersey pine, the local product. Mine will be built from a couple hundred dollars worth of marine plywood that came from Africa. Sorry, Robb, I like plywood.

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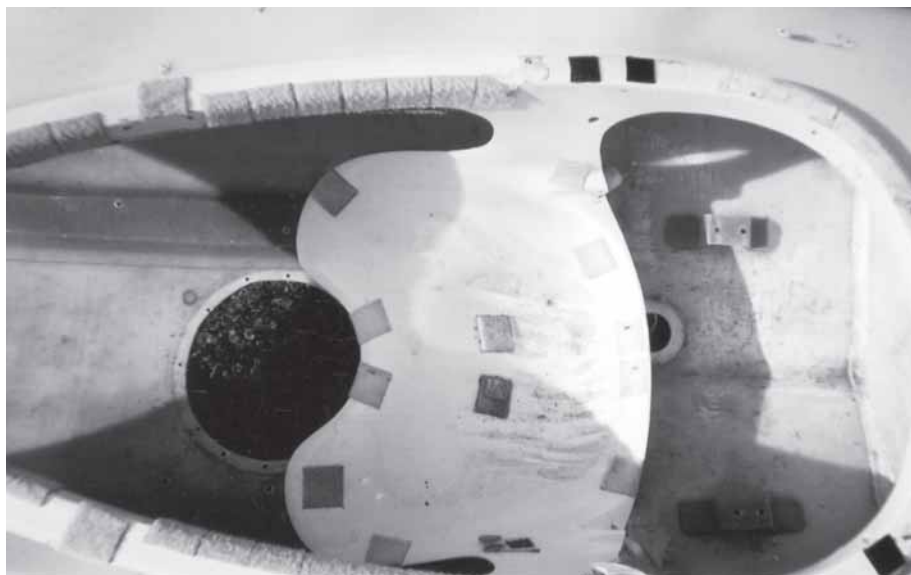
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The after cockpit showing the rear window and lots of velcro.

The cut-off showing the after mast step and watertight bulkhead.



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Boatbuilding can be a risky pastime. Many of the risks that the boatbuilder faces, such as dismemberment by power tools, being crushed by heavy objects, dangerous chemicals, and for those of us who work in wood, slivers, have been covered in depth by any number of learned writers (see, for example, David Carnell's article about chemical safety in the October 15 *MAIB*). Those risks, albeit serious, are not what this article is about. No, my purpose is to acquaint the aspiring builder with risks that have been neglected by many, if not most, writers who are concerned with the craft of boat building.

One danger facing the boatbuilder that is often overlooked concerns the obsessive behavior that seems to afflict many otherwise reasonable people when they start building a boat. I refer to this form of madness as "*WoodenBoat Syndrome*" (so named because the glossy pictures in this fine magazine have been demonstrated to produce this malaise).

While the classic symptoms seem to be most prevalent in those of us who build boats from wood, those who build in other materials are not immune from the obsessive/compulsive behavior that is symptomatic of this madness. Examples include waking from a deep sleep to make notes about adding a small cuddly to the 8' pram out in the garage, or building a mock-up of the entire interior of your 16' daysailer to evaluate seat spacing when just setting two chairs 22" apart would do, or having 12 different custom color paint samples which cannot be returned made up to get the color just so.

The important thing to remember when afflicted with this syndrome is that no one, other than your fellow travelers down this path to madness, care one whit whether your bungs are the same color as the wood or that the grain of the bungs is properly aligned. Efforts to work into the conversation the clever way you split that \$97 piece of teak so that the grain of your coamings are perfectly matched will only send your friends scurrying when you round the corner. This kind of high art is fabulous, but talking about it is boring for everyone who does not worship at the altar of mirror gloss finishes.

Closely related to *WoodenBoat Syndrome* is the risk of addiction. As you descend ever deeper into your obsession you will find yourself looking at plans for your next boat before you have finished the one you just started. However, like many addictions there are moments of clarity wherein you will see that you have a problem. For me, this moment always comes on the third day that I am sanding the interior of the hull, getting it ready for the buff sandstone paint with just a hint of medium ochre highlights. "I hate this, I hate this, I'd really rather be sailing," I say over and over again.

After the first boat I waited a year to start the next one. After the second boat, I couldn't stand the thought of starting another boat for almost two months. Now, 18 boats later, I have given in to my addiction. I start lofting the next boat before the paint on the previous one is even dry.

Once your addiction has set in, the next risk follows naturally enough, the risk of accumulation. Unlike bottle caps or baseball cards, the accumulation of boats, even small ones, is not a harmless little quirk. Boats take up a lot of space and boats rarely travel without a lot of associated gear such as paddles,

Other Risks of Boatbuilding

By John Tuma

oars, sails, flotation vests, seat cushions, dry bags, polypropylene underwear (because cotton kills when it's wet), and so on. At first it doesn't seem like much of a problem. That double bladed paddle that you need for your kayak stands neatly in the corner with the brooms and the kayak hangs out of the way from the rafters in the garage.

But a kayak is not a rowboat, and the rowboat you need is too big to hang from the rafters. So it goes on a trailer under the overhang off the garage and the riding mower you just had to have, along with the wheelbarrow, the bicycles, and other assorted garden tools, are consigned to the shed in the back yard. This is not an ideal arrangement because none of these things, with the exception of the riding mower, can be retrieved for use in less than half an hour, but until now no one is complaining too much. And your precious rowboat, with the finely varnished oak rails, the mahogany trim, and the hand carved nameplate is safely stored out of the weather.

Alas, if only your boatbuilding mania was confined to the accumulation of boats. It is not. Your garage is now stocked with more tools than your local hardware store and you've erected a "temporary" building shed out in the back yard. Your wife is getting angry and keeps muttering, "It was a black day the day that I met you," whenever you are within earshot. Her car is now permanently parked in the driveway, the clean laundry is frequently covered with sawdust, and except for the swath of grass surrounding your building shed, which you faithfully mow with your riding mower, none of the yard work is getting done.

Now your rowboat is not the sailboat you dream of, which is why a new boat is going together in the temporary shed in the backyard. And so it goes. Each boat that is built meets a particular need that cannot be filled by any of the other boats in the fleet. And a fleet it quickly becomes, because one of the reasons that you build boats is to try out new and unique designs that offer new and unique capabilities.

This leads to the final stage of accumulation, the storage facility. The kayak continues to grace the rafters in the garage, although it hasn't been used in two years. The little outboard skiff you built last year now occupies the space in the side yard that used to belong to the rowboat, just waiting to go fishing.

The little sailboat you built three years ago is now stored in the storage facility around the corner, along with the rowboat, and while there is some reason to question why you still cling to these boats, the clever use of the storage facility has reduced the friction on the home front. Your wife continues to accept that your madness is better than drinking as a hobby, but only because several of your boats are hidden.

One of the risks that has been well documented in the boatbuilding literature is the risk that this hobby poses to one's marital

relations. However, while the problem has been well documented, the reasons why it poses such a strain have not been explored in adequate detail. Accumulation without adequate provisions for concealing parts of the fleet are certainly one reason for strain, as is your demonstrated inability to have a conversation without describing in grotesque detail the clamping sequence you developed to insure a fair curve to the yard on your batwing sail.

But the real reason for strain (other than the "temporary" shed that now stretches the full length of the back yard) is that a boatbuilder does not operate in the same space time continuum as his wife. For example, she pokes her head out the door to say that dinner will be ready in ten minutes. "Okay," you respond, "I just need to fit in this last garboard clamp and screw it into place."

Three hours later you have finished your ten-minute job, dinner is cold, the kids have gone to bed, and your wife is curled up on the couch watching "*Thelma and Louise*" while quietly plotting her revenge. Now does not seem like the right time to explain how you had to shim the garboard on the seventh and twelfth frames to get a beautiful smooth fit.

In this moment of clarity you realize that something has got to change. So you decide to become a professional boatbuilder. The first step is to find a shop where you can work. You get your tools out of the garage and your wife can park her car in there for the first time in years. Vegetables will grow where once only boat shed could be seen. You won't have to hide your fleet, you'll sell it instead. And because boatbuilding will be your job, you won't be working nights and weekends. Right.

Your madness is complete. The final risk of boatbuilding to be considered here is the "*Professional Fantasy*." This one has been explored in some depth in the literature. No matter how alluring it seems, the bottom line is that there isn't any money in boat building because (a) *WoodenBoat Syndrome* leads you to spend 18 hours getting a perfect varnish job on the coamings, because (b) when you started it only seemed like it would take about two hours to get the right finish, but (alas, c) the whole rest of the world operates in the same space time continuum as your wife. How many \$6,000 rowboats do you really think you can sell?

As I said at the beginning, boatbuilding is a risky pastime. In addition to the physical dangers of working with tools and chemicals, there is a whole range of psychological afflictions that are even worse. In the end it's a lot cheaper to just buy a boat and you'll actually have the time to use it. Yep, buying a boat is by far the best bet. It's cheaper, faster, and you get more time on the water.

Yep, you get more time on the water. It's faster. It's cheaper. But to heck with the logic, there just isn't anything that compares to watching that boat you built with your own hands splash down for the first time...

(John Tuma builds boats in Fremont, California. He sells them when he can and stores them when he can't. Right now he owns only six boats and none of them are stored in his wife's garage. Mr. Tuma has been married for many years, but despite this wealth of experience, he isn't yet sure how he will successfully conceal boat number seven.)

Accommodations and Sail Plan for the Laura Catherine 20

By Michael D. Dauscher, Three Rivers
Boatworks

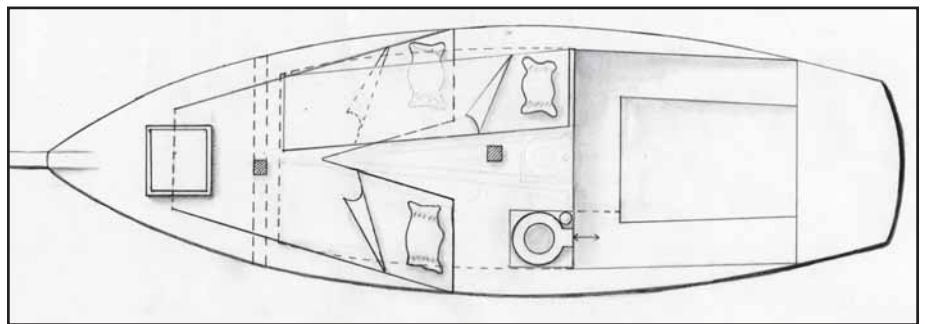
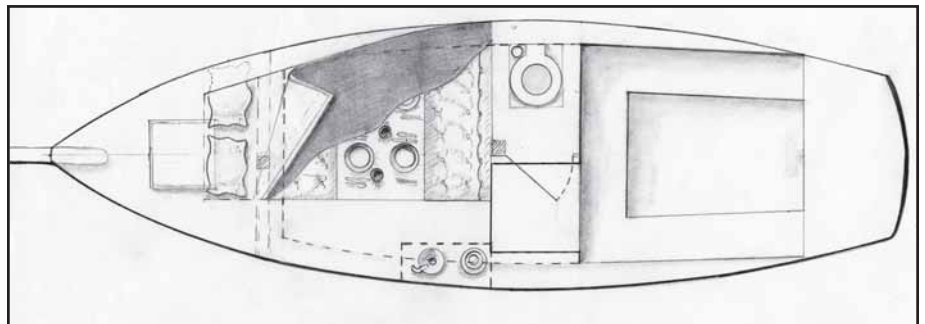
Much has happened since I last submitted an article detailing the half-model of the Laura Catherine 20, which was published in the November 15 issue. Most of the plans are finished in rough draft form and I am currently working on the final draft, copies of which will be offered for sale to amateur builders. At the same time, I have commenced construction of the first Laura Catherine 20. At the time of this writing the keel parts are cut out and ready to be assembled. I will submit further articles detailing her construction as things progress.

I built the sails for the hull model per the sail plan I had drawn up. The foresail will be loose-footed and will overlap the mainmast just a bit. I've been entertaining the notion of using double headsails on the prototype instead of the single clubbed jib used on the hull model. The masts will fold for ease of trailering and I am currently looking into designing an outboard motor well for those who prefer not to use electric power. And there will be a centerboard installed on the prototype, although the hull model doesn't show one. I've gone to great pains designing the centerboard and leak-proof trunk in such a way that they don't intrude into the cabin. I tend to dislike conventional centerboard trunks in cabins because of the potential for leaks and humidity problems.

Although the prototype will be used primarily for day sailing, many prospective clients have requested cruising accommodations. With a 20' loa, 6' beam, and 4'3" headroom, accommodations will be understandably spartan. The standard layout features an enclosed head and a small dinette that folds down into a double berth. This will be the layout used for the prototype.

The alternate layout sleeps three crew, featuring a forward V-berth and an upper cabin pipe berth to starboard. A portable head slides out from under the port companionway.

I always welcome input from interested persons. For those with questions about the Laura Catherine, or any of my other designs, I can be reached at: Three Rivers Marineworks, P.O. Box 614, New Haven, IN 46774-0614, <ThreeRiversMarineworks@juno.com>, www.3riversmarineworks.com





When Dr. John Snow Glover of Charlotte, North Carolina, asked me to build a model of the steam lighter *Sophia*, I jumped at the opportunity. Here was my chance to build a model of a local boat for a man of local heritage who knew *Sophia* well. Well indeed. In one of his letters to me he said, "This vessel was very important to my grandfather, John I. Snow, and his son, John G. Snow. It allowed them to express their Yankee ingenuity. I am not only named for Grandpa Snow, but at the age of 12 my mother sent me to him so that he might "straighten me out!" It was the best summer of my life."

Building the model: Since no lines existed of her, only her basic dimensions, length, breadth, and depth, this was all designer Bert Snow of Rockland, Maine, had to go by, along with a few photos and his own memories, having served aboard her as a youngster. All this came together in mid-winter of 2000 in the form of hull profile, plan view, and sectional drawings at 3/8th scale. Since the photos of *Sophia* were taken over a period of time, (40 years or more), each time period reflected changes. After many hours of examining them I picked the photos showing *Sophia* with the least amount of change and appearing to be in her very active mid-life. It took five months from start to finish.

The lighter *Sophia*: *Sophia*, or *Sophie* as she was affectionately called by her skipper and crew of Rockland, Maine, was built in East Boston in 1892 by the Lockwood Yard. She was a twin screw steam lighter 81.4' long, 23.9' beam, and 7.4' deep, grossing 100 tons. Her small twin engines developed only 150hp but served her well and she always got there, though admittedly a bit slow. When I asked boatbuilder Ernest Gamage of Snow's Shipyard, where *Sophia* was berthed, how fast she

Sophia

By Dynamite Payson

was, Ernest replied that "she made eight knots, four ahead and four sideways."

Acquired by the Snow Marine Co. in 1908 and burned in 1965, *Sophia* had a long and useful life taking any kind of job offered, seemingly doing the impossible every day and thinking nothing of it. Local author John M. Richardson wrote about her in his book, *Steamboat Lore of the Penobscot*, saying, "probably no one vessel has ever spent a more practical and sufficient life in local waters. She is ready for any errand or any emergency. When disaster strikes a ship it is *Sophia* to the rescue with her powerful pumps and salvage equipment of wreckmaster John I. Snow. When a channel must be dredged, *Sophia* will dredge it, when a wharf must be built, *Sophia* will build it. That is always the story. *Sophia* will do it."

Included in her feats was the salvage of the famed Bath tug, *Seguin*, which sank near Richmond, Maine, and, according to sloop owner Al Gould, one of the most memorable feats *Sophia* did was moving the two story Colonial house called the "spite house," with its four towering chimneys from Phippsburg, Maine, to Beauchamp Point in Rockport, Maine. This was all done in 1925 with the house being moved down the Kennebec River and up Penobscot Bay, a distance of 85 miles, without damage, not even cracking plaster.

This is how the deal went. "There was a summer fellow up at Rockport who bought a beautiful lot of land on the shore a few years ago. Down in Phippsburg he saw an old Co-

lonial house which he thought would look well on his place on Beauchamp Point in Rockport. So he went to Captain John I. Snow, who was in the towage and lighterage business in Rockland and an expert in salvage and all maritime affairs, and asked him to go look at the house and see whether he thought he could move it around for him.

John went and looked at it and thought he could. "How much will it be to move it?" the man asked John.

"Well," replied the captain, "for a long time I have wanted one of those car floats they have in New York harbor for my business down here. I know where there is one second hand, which can be bought cheap. I'll go get it, move the house, set it up down to Rockport. When I've got it set up, you come down and look at it. If the job is satisfactory, you pay for the float and it belongs to me, and if you don't like the job, you can keep the car float and we will forget all about any charge." So the deal was made. John got the float, skidded the house in Phippsburg down onto it, towed it around outside, and up Penobscot Bay, skidded it ashore and into place. Then the owner came down to look at it. The job was perfect. Not even a crack in the plaster.

"One day in Rockland I met John," Al continued, "and asked him about it. John did not have much to say, as he is a very modest man. 'Wasn't there any particularly interesting thing on the way down?' I asked."

"Well," said John, "there was one. The fog shut in thick when we got out of Popham. I had the tug out ahead and she was blowing one long and two short. And to make sure, I had a man up in the cupola of the house with a fishhorn and he was blowing one long and two short, too. When we got about off Seguin and were about to make the turn, I heard a jangle of engine bells close aboard to starboard through the fog. A moment afterwards the white hull of a steam yacht broke out of the fog. She had her engines going full speed astern with a jingle. You see, her skipper had got a glint in the fog and saw the house looming up dead ahead and thought he was right on the beach, 'though there was not less than 40 fathoms all around.'"

As for looks and performance, Don Rogers of Belfast, Maine, had this to say about her. "Any nautical history of Maine would be incomplete without mentioning the lighter. It was probably one of the most unsightly looking vessels that ever sailed along the coast. The deck houses of the little ship gave the impression that someone from a farm had designed them for they resembled many of the buildings in that particular occupation."

The fact that the lighter left its home port and arrived at its destination was proof enough that whoever was skipper (it might have been Capt. John I. Snow or Capt. John G. Snow, both master mariners) was a dog barking navigator able to find his way along the rocky Maine coast, often times by listening to the sounds ahead of him during periods of low visibility. The formula of time, speed, and distance run when the *Sophia* was underway often meant nothing. The able captain made his way by listening to the bell buoys, horns blowing on the lighthouses, surf on the ledges, gulls crying on the rocks, and dog's barking on shore in answer to *Sophia's* mournful whistle. No one ever heard of *Sophia* becoming lost or going aground.

The Birth Of the Pilgrim 17

By Bob Brett, BrettCraft Boats
Hampton, NH, (603) 490-0951

Last year, after completing a lofting class with Greg Rossel at WoodenBoat School, I got the urge to tackle a project of my own design. Although I am definitely not a marine architect, I do have a feel for what it takes to make a boat look good and perform well. So I listed all the characteristics that I personally wanted in a boat. The list was something like this:

About 17' long. A safe boat. One that would pass the USCG level flotation tests. A hull that weighed no more than 200lbs. A boat that moved well through the water and could be adapted to a sliding seat. Able to accept a 2hp motor over the side for emergency auxiliary power. Flat bottomed for stability and, perhaps more importantly, so she would look proud sitting on a ramp or beach, not flopped over on her side. I wanted to emulate the bottom planking of a dory, nice and rugged. A rocky beach should not be an intimidating place to land. I like plumb stems. Something unique in the hull shape that would set it apart from other boats. A nice seat in the back for the pretty girl you're courting to be comfortable in.

I look at boat design as an art form. It is done best when both form and function come together in synergy. Of course, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but I must say I like how the Pilgrim 17 turned out. One limiting aspect of the project was that the boat, when completed, must be able to pass through my bulkhead into or out of the basement. This limited the size of the boat to a box 38" x 30" x 17'. So that was where I started. I drew a few concept drawings on paper, and when I got something I liked I carved a half hull model. I didn't like the first two but the third seemed to be a keeper. I liked the curvature to the sides, the bluff bow, and the modified drake tail stern. After I let the design stew in my mind for a few weeks I committed to build it.

I took the offsets off the half hull model as accurately as I could. Then I plotted those points on a slightly larger scale and chased out any errors I could. When I was satisfied that it looked good and would fit up the basement stairs, I began lofting full scale. Lofting was not so much of a problem except for the fancy stern. It is curved and must intersect with the curved sides at an angle. That had me baffled for a while. Finally, I was able to get my mind wrapped around all the compound curves. But that was only half the problem. How do you actually fabricate the transom? I made up a couple transom frames, they looked like antlers from a wildebeest. There had to be a better way. It took me about a month until I finally said, "this is crazy, why not just cut it out of foam?" So that is what I finally did, but that is getting ahead of the story.

After the lofting was completed I went back to the table of offsets to flush out any remaining errors. Now convinced that I had a set of good lines and numbers I checked myself one last time by entering the numbers into AutoCad. In 3D I could rotate the boat



to any viewing angle. I noticed that at certain angles it appeared I had some powder horn taking place in the sheer. This was corrected by adding an inch or two to the height of the bow. The final change was made to the lofting diagram and table of offsets. Now I was ready to begin construction.

My dad and I cut out the temporary forms one morning in his basement. I brought them home and installed them at the proper stations along the strongback. I found installing the bottom the most enjoyable part of the project. I used white pine throughout the whole boat. If it was good enough for the dories of long ago, it was good enough for me. Besides, white pine is my favorite wood. The bottom was planked with 3/4" boards (D select grade) purchased at my local lumberyard. I would have used local pine but I was told it is not available anymore in long and wide select grades. The stuff I bought came from Canada. For the rest of the hull I used C select grade, which was very nice indeed. No knots in the 16' lengths that I bought.

The sides are strip construction. I ripped 5/16" thick strips from 3/4" flat grained boards to get rift grain boards. (This was true at the end of the project, initially I had been ripping the boards edgewise down the center to get a matched set of planks. In the end I feel that just cutting them off the edge of the board worked out better and gave a nice quarter sawn strip). For most of the hull I was able to use the wide strips, only at the bow where I have lots of shape was I compelled to use square stock 5/16" on a side. Square stock allowed for 2° of freedom, thus eliminating edge set from the equation. I did not use bead and cove strips in this build, as it turned out it did not seem necessary because of the radius of the hull. The inside of the planks come together and the outside have just a hint of an opening which is just what is needed to get the epoxy to flow in between the planks once all the strips are in place. I would like to try bead and cove on the next boat.

I made the decision to diagonally plank the hull. This had several advantages; I could plank up a 17' boat with 16' stock, and I could avoid the tight turns in the bow until the last few planks.

Now let's get back to the transom. I took a couple woodworking classes but none of them prepared me to make such a complicated piece. In the end I cheated, but it worked out well because the foam gave me the flotation that I wanted. The theory was to glue a bunch of polystyrene blocks on there and just whittle them down until they were fair with the hull. It took some time to find the right technique, but I did get it. Once the hull is fiberglassed, the transom and the foam become one with the boat and you would never know the foam was there.

As in any construction project the fairing process is a laborious task. Sanding and

checking for fairness can go on forever! When I was satisfied, I brought out the 6oz. fiberglass cloth. It was only necessary to make two small incisions in the cloth to make it lay flat over the entire hull. After the final coat of epoxy was laid on the fiberglass it was finally time to flip it over. This is one of the landmark events in every building project. It tells me that I am just about halfway through.

The next step was to construct the forward deck. I strip planked the deck and covered it with a layer of fiberglass. I wanted to have a canvas look so I did not add the second coat of epoxy. The textured finish is a nice contrast to the smooth hull.

To add a little class and distinction this boat has an authentic Windsor chair installed in the rear. I had taken a class at the Windsor Institute in Hampton, New Hampshire, and discovered that these chairs were once so common that they were actually used as garden chairs. Well, I thought, if they could be used as a garden chair then why not a boat chair? It is very comfortable to sit in and provides a nice place to eat your lunch or a place for that special guest to sit. In addition, it is removable and makes a very nice beach chair.

To me the finished boat looks very elegant. She rows well and is surprisingly stable for such a thin boat. The length to width ratio is only 19%. I used it all summer and always felt secure. It is a stable platform; in fact, one day after swimming I was able to climb right over the side without taking on any water.

This fall I took the boat to be baptized at the Coast Guard testing facility in Solomons, Maryland. After we loaded it with nearly 1.5 tons of pig iron the maximum displacement was verified to be 2,905lbs. From there I derated the boat to 872lbs. (motor, persons, and gear). The Pilgrim 17 passed all the tests they could throw at her until the last one. With no persons or gear in the boat, but the outboard hanging off the side, it is required, when completely flooded, to float at no more than a 10° angle. We were at 15°. The good news is that a tad more flotation strategically placed corrects the deficiency.

The final weight of the hull turned out to be just under 180lbs. The rowing station adds 21lbs. To this point in time I have been transporting on the top of the truck. I set up a collapsible rear support system. When loading or launching I just back up to the water and slide her in. The rear support is raised to level the boat out while transporting. The boat is so light in the rear I can hold it up in the air with one hand while I raise or lower the support with the other hand. This seems to work for now, but a trailer would probably be better.

My plan for the future is to build more of these pretty little boats. If there is interest I may develop a set of plans, but for now I want to get a few more under my belt and test the waters. If all goes well, I will be a busy guy.



I'm still not certain why I built this boat. I'm usually a sailboat kind of guy. In fact, I was restoring one of my sharpies when I suddenly got this itch. Maybe it was the excitement of the 2004 NASCAR Nextel Cup race. Maybe it was just the need to speed up the pace of my own life. Or maybe it was the desire to try to "improve" on a wonderful Phil Bolger/Dynamite Payson design that I've learned to admire over the years. In any event, here it is the fourth generation of the 8' wood/styrofoam/fiberglass/epoxy scow that I originally named Hot Tub, whose heritage

Go Kart on the Water Hot Tub IV NASCAR Themed Racing Scow

By Dave Gray

is the Bolger/Payson Skimmer (for the full history of this little boat, go to <http://members.aol.com/polysail/HTML/boatnote.htm> or get a partial history from the article in the January 15, 1999, issue of *Messing About in Boats*). This model, however, really deserves the "Hot" part of the name!

For those of you who don't follow NASCAR, this is the Tony Stewart/Home Depot prototype. Tony is a local Indiana boy who started out in go karts and made it into the big time. He joins an exclusive group of Indiana racers that includes Jeff Gordon, Ryan Newman, and others on the NASCAR circuit. Of course, living near Indianapolis, racing has always been in my blood. As a fan, it seemed only fitting to add a little orange paint and a few decals to customize this little racer (you can see the color version on the website mentioned above).

Powered by the new 4-cycle, 5hp, FNR shift, environmentally friendly Briggs and Stratton motor, this little craft should really scoot. While I haven't had the chance to test this motor/boat combination just yet, we've tested earlier versions of the boat with similar horsepower motors, and the boat planes nicely on her skids at speeds comparable to small tunnel hulls.

This latest version has a hull weight of 114lbs. as shown and 170lbs. with the motor and (empty) 3-gal. tank that comes with the Briggs motor. With the 3-gal. tank, the motor can run wide open at 4000rpm for six hours in just a few inches of water. The exterior hull and interior floor are fully fiberglassed. Other features include built in flotation panels offering roughly 120lbs. of positive flotation and a seat that slides forward and back for legroom and/or trim and swivels 360 degrees for fishing or just getting your legs situated under the deck.

Nautical lighting, steering/shifting/throttle controls, and a special trailer are intended to be options for this model. Hardware, including the rear navigation light and steering cables, had not yet been mounted when

these pictures were taken. Deck, windshield, and seat assembly can be removed by loosening a few of the stainless steel screws if you just want to lighten the boat by about 40lbs. or if you want to make room to offer a thrill to a companion or two. While this boat was intended to be a single seat racer, it would also be easy enough to mount two of the plastic seats side by side on the seat frame and reconfigure the steering if desired.

A second power option is the electric trolling motor. A 30-34lb. thrust electric motor will provide ample speed for messing about on most small lakes and ponds. The electric motor is a good fishing option and probably about right for youngsters eight and older to operate. Although the battery can be weighty, the motor itself is much easier to handle than the 56lb. Briggs, both on and off the boat. I was able to test the electric option in our lake, but our lake is off limits to gas powered motors. Winter now has a fairly strong grip on our region with the lake's starting to ice over, so the Briggs testing will now have to wait for spring.

Electric power is usually the option I choose if I'm loading a Hot Tub into the bed of my Dodge Ram pickup. With the windshield removed, the boat fits nicely under the bed cover. The combination of the bed cover on my short bed extending over the stern and the deck extending out to the bow prevents unexpected showers from soaking the inside of the boat while it's being transported. Strap on wheels can help ease the task of getting the boat to the water if no ramp is readily available.

My intent is to have at least one more of these boats ready to go by spring so that I can go racing around with friends. If the concept proves interesting to other boaters and the NASCAR crowd, I think I can have plans, kits, and maybe a few more finished boats ready to offer by midsummer. Stock class rules and a racing venue would be the next logical steps.

Of course, maybe I'm just dreaming. But then, I was messing around with lawnmower engine powered soap box derby cars a few years before the go kart phenomena began. According to the World Karting Association, since the 1950s when karting began, "...karting has spread around the world, forming a true grassroots of motorsports and spawning a multi billion dollar industry." What if just messing around with 8' boats did that? Or is there a clear line between dreaming and messing about that I still need to define? Feel free to weigh in!

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Ah, the magic of sailing is something that is indescribable to the lubber, unfathomable to the uninitiated, and irrational to the cognitive oriented, but it is there. Existential thinkers posit the problem, "to be or not to be, that is the question." Magic just is. It exists. Period. There is no explanation for it, no logical rationale to comprehend. I am not talking about David Copperfield kind of magic which is illusion, tricks, and misguiding. I am talking about the real stuff. The recognizable but totally illogical, incomprehensible, immeasurable stuff that exists.

I learned about magic very, very early in my fledgling year of sailing. Discovery taught me several canons of the magical waters. Each season magical laws are ascertained. Not unlike our knowledge of space where each additional telescopic photo and fresh extra planetary satellite proffers greater knowledge, sailing seasons provide us with more understanding of the laws of magic.

Some Primary Laws of Magical Disappearance.

1. The Disappearance of Tools: Another writer noted that every time he started a new project around the boat, a tool disappeared, a ratchet, a plier, a saw. It was not only consistent over time, it was common among all sailors with whom he shared his learning.

1-A. The Law of Need (corollary to Law #1): I totally concur but add this slight variation or addendum, the loss is proportional to the need at that time. If you have everything in place for that last bolt to finalize the project, the bolt will disappear. If you have the plan in hand, all the boards ready, measured, and marked, the pieces all clamped, then the saw will disappear.

My encounter with this magic came when I needed to move my boat immediately to a new anchorage. My new (read that "brand spanking new, straight from the store, still in the package, receipt in the pocket" new) anchor which had held my boat with incredible firmness literally disappeared from the end of the rode. I hauled up the rope which was heavy from the weight of the anchor right up to the side of the boat only to pull the end of the line out with the anchor gone, gone, gone. Furthermore, this anchor was attached with the best of the U.S. Navy's Boot Camp marlinspike expert knot, an anchor knot with a double half hitch on a bowline on a bight. Moby Dick couldn't get away from that knot. Three honest to God Chief Bo'sun Mates couldn't untie that thing. Answer: magic.

I -B The Law of Value (second corollary to Law #1): Right along with the law of need comes value, the more valuable the item, the faster it will disappear. How expensive is your GPS toy? If it is really good and expensive, the chances of it quickly evaporating into the ethers are very high. The \$2 compass from WalMart will somehow float up from the *Titanic*, but your Garmin 459XLM thousand dollar GPS will fly away as soon as you turn your back on it. I know, I have gone through several.

I discovered that even with a small dinghy a good fish finder is a wonderful way of knowing water temperature, depth, speed, etc., as well as showing you the abundance of fish beneath you. These are not particularly inexpensive for us dinghy people. Two have magically disappeared from the bottom of my boat while sailing in gentle breezes on Pleasant Creek Lake in Iowa. Of course, it

The Laws Of Sailing Magic

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

must be magic since both were tied to some part of the boat.

Even a whole mast, boom, and sail can disappear. Once, in early April when the ice had left my favorite Iowa lake, I sailed my beautiful Boatex 1200 and magically capsized for no reason at all (in a section of the lake where my other materials had disappeared, I call it the Burmudowa Triangle). I righted my boat only to find that boom, mast, and all had magically disappeared. Further proof can be added that the entire Linn County Search and Recovery team could not find any semblance of it after going through many, many air tanks while on the hunt. I know, I dived on the site, too.

2. The Primary Laws of Magical Waters: Anything that is considered a body of water is, by definition, magic. Consider that water drains in clockwise spirals in one hemisphere and counter clockwise in the other. Water turns to ice and ice floats. As a former academic dean I have tolerated a plethora of lectures replete with diagrams, statistics, and mathematical formulas. From this I have deduced that: a) H_2O is water, b) $E=MC^2$, c) K9P is what is on my deck compliments of my dog.

As for all the prosaic and terminally boring attempt to understand water, the physicists are all crazier than loons. All of it can be easily explained: it's Magic.

2-A. The Law of Weird Waters: As just written, the Burmudowa triangle (Iowa's version of the Bermuda Triangle) is a spot halfway across the lake between the handicapped fishing dock (I don't know if the dock is for handicapped people or just handicapped fishermen) and directly in line with the dam. It is here where all dinghies must overturn. It is also the only spot on the lake that is greater

than 25' deep. Here it is 65' of highly sludgy, dirty, cold, and dark water. Having dived on that spot I can attest that visibility is absolutely zero, a visual equal to physics absolute zero. Other sailors tell me that such spots are not unusual, especially on lakes with "newbie" sailors.

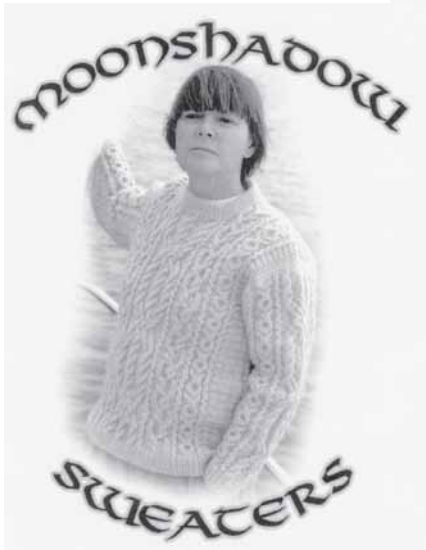
3. The Primary Laws of the Wind: It is totally impossible for a sailor to understand the wind. If the breeze at your residence is gale force, the Law of Wind says that the lake will be quieter than bath water. If you happen to step outside to see nary a leaf bobbing and if you decide to go to the lake to clean the boat or whatever, thou shalt find an unnamed hurricane blowing steadily.


3-A. Corollary to Law #3: When you have friends on your little craft and you are trying to impress them with your nautical skills, the lake will have great and splendid breezes all over its entire surface EXCEPT wherever you happen to be. That spot will be stiller than a dead man's breath.

3-B. Second Corollary to Law #3: A second corollary is that if you are somewhat of a neophyte sailor, the lake will be extraordinarily moderate in winds EXCEPT where you are. That specific place will have white caps, rogue waves, and a frequency to amplitude correlation that would flip an aircraft carrier.

3-C. Third Corollary to Law #3: A third corollary is that the probability of the second corollary is perfectly correlated to how many people are watching you or how much you want to impress the people in your boat. If you are single and male with a gorgeous, bodacious Swedish blonde, bikini clad Victoria's Secret model in the boat sailing on a park pond, the chances of a tsunami the size of the Sears Tower hitting you are precisely 100%.

A myriad of other nautical laws exist, some of which I shall ponder in future editions of this epistle; however, I propose that other seafaring philosophers add their perspectives as well. To understand water, we must hang together. Sailors must hold on to each other or Neptune will devour us all just for the hell of it.





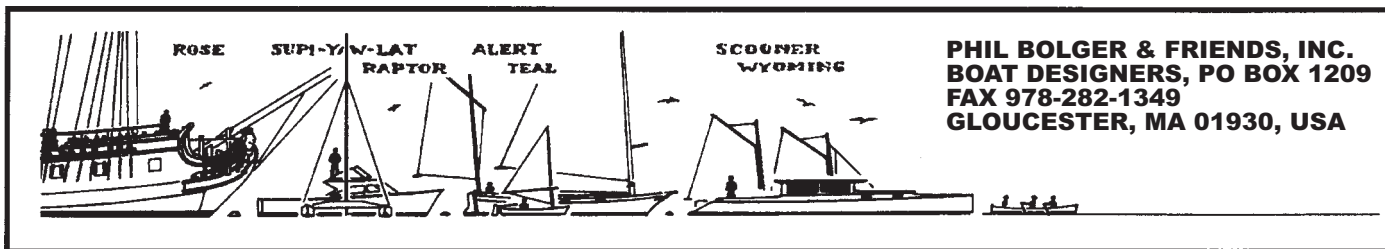
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The rotomolded kayaks are so cheap and so good that there's not a lot of point in home building. It's wonderful to see so many people take to this kind of recreation. I don't know what L. Francis Herreshoff would have made of a serious mass market for kayaks ("double paddle canoes" he always insisted was the correct term). Some of the best of his writing was praise of the kayak as the most value for recreation of any boat type. He had elitist tendencies, though, and I suspect that he would have had mixed feelings about every Tom, Dick, and Harry, to say nothing of Jane and Mary, appearing on his favorite waters. He would have had to agree that they're a huge improvement on jet skis at any rate! It saved some bitterness that he died before those appeared.

It did seem that there was a niche or two left among the kayak designs on offer. Besides, there are people who like to build their own regardless of what they can buy. This design was meant more for comfort and less for athleticism than the standard type, easier

Bolger on Design Plywood Kayak Diamond Design #615 19'6" x 1'11"

to get into and out of, not encouraging trying the eskimo roll, with a little more freedom of movement, even to lying down in it in a pinch, and with a generous space for stowage, about 48" x 21" x 15", accessible without getting out of the boat. This space could even take a small child or a dog, preferably well disciplined and in warm water.

This is a stiff boat that doesn't depend entirely on the paddle to stay the right way up. Again, not right for the eskimo roll but not so demanding of concentration. She's not very wide, 23", which I like because it's convenient when you need to get a stroke close alongside the boat without leaning over much. But the square midsection makes for stability, and beam and buoyancy are carried well fore and aft. The flaring bow tends to keep the spray down and the buoyancy high up tends to stabilize her in waves. If the ends are filled with foam she'll float right side up if she's flooded and it's possible to get back into her afloat.

The length is misleading on account of the very long, pointy ends. It wouldn't make

much difference, except to style, if the tips of bow and stem were clipped off 6"-8" short. The waterline length is less than 15' in normal trim.

The shape of the ends shown in the sections suggests a complex form, but in fact there is no compound curvature and no torturing. The bottom and ends are wrapped up from a single rectangular 20' x 2' panel. It starts with a perfectly flat diamond shape amidships which is doubled up, to stand stepping on and sitting down hard. Beyond the diamond a gore is cut into the centerline of the panel which is wrapped up on each side and taped back together to form the profile and chine line shown. Thicker plywood than the 1/8" specified will take this curve and the final shape is a pure segment of a cylinder, with the straight lines along the cylinder forming the waterlines on each side.

The one in the photos was built by Bob Cushing of Cazanovia, New York, one of our favorite builders. It's much overbuilt on account of some 1/4" ply being on hand, and weighs 55lbs., which is more than a kayak should weigh and at least 15lbs. heavier than we calculate for the structure as designed. Nevertheless, it seems to be as fast and easy to paddle as the run of kayaks and does everything well, except the eskimo roll.

Plans of the Diamond Kayak, our Design #615, two 22" x 34" sheets with "instant boat" panel diagrams for no loft assembly, are available for \$50 to build one boat sent First Class Mail, folded, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

**"Every man shall give as he is able,
according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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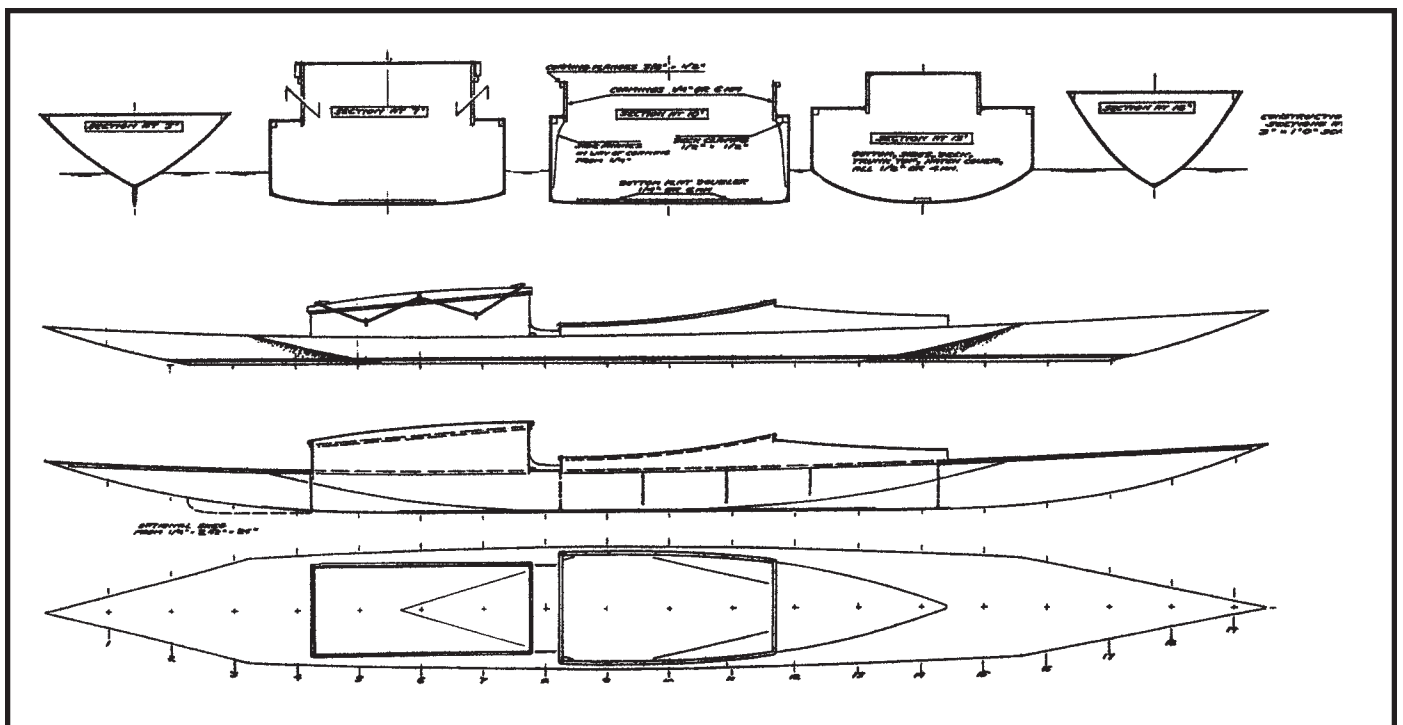
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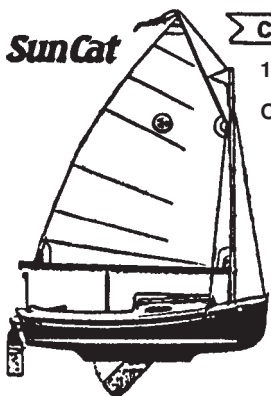
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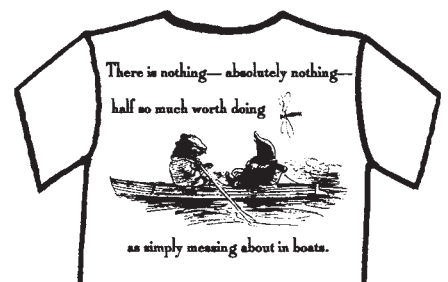
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Having gotten so confused with all this valuable boatbuilding information I send in to our nifty editor, I can't remember if I, right in the middle of something else, explained how boat stems have evolved in this shop or not, but somebody asked me and he reads every word in the magazine so I must not have thoroughly covered the important subject of stems yet.

But, before I start, I need to touch briefly on that yahoo in Hugh Ware's section in October 1 who drove off the ferry dock trying to pass a stopped car. Damned fool. I had a buddy who ran the swing bridge in Apalachicola for 40 years and he said that kind of thing happened all the time. I don't know if they were Texans or not, but they would come up on a row of cars stopped because the bridge was open and blast right on by. It is hard to believe that kind of thing until you notice how many tire tracks there are running up the concrete wall that serves as a railing for these modern bridges.

I am worried about the condition of the citizens of this country and the country itself as a result of the proliferation of stupid people. Where did all these fools come from and how did they get to be like that? I hope to hell they aren't registered to vote. You know all that "get out the vote hype" might be the wrong thing to do. We might be better off with just a few voters who had the gump-tion to register on their own without having to be advertised into it. We sure don't want the likes of that Texan who ran off the ferry dock with his two children in the car doing anything important like canceling my vote. Leave them sleeping dogs lie is my notion.

Now, I love the stem of a boat. That's the prettiest part to me. I love that little place where the bevel changes to the square stem head and the other place down at the forefoot where the bevel changes to the square of the keel. I am (if I do say so myself) a stem artist. I have gradually evolved the whole operation through a series of various methods to get it right. Before I tell you the methods, I'll tell you what "right" is.

The stem of a boat should be small looking compared to the rest of the vessel unless it is a tugboat or something. A big ugly stem has no place on a small boat. Because of my prejudices about that, I don't make rabbeted stems anymore. I always plank the boat so that the planking comes together at the bow. That allows me to make the stem as thin as possible. If I had 1/2" of wood between the planking at the web of the rabbet, the stem would have to be half an inch thicker.

The stems need to be proportioned to the boats though. For an example, the stem on that big old clunky Rescue Minor is 1-1/4" thick. Old New 16' skiff has a 1" stem and my little 12' sailing Felucca is only 7/16". These strip planked sport boat copies have 5/8" thick stems. The way I work it is that I fasten the planking to a temporary inner stem so that the corners of the pairs touch and, when the time comes, I cut the plank ends back so that they wind up looking about right. That allows me to adjust the stem profile a little bit and also taper the stem thickness so that it is thinner at the bottom and thicker at the top.

I trim the ends of the planking smooth and square with a little bitty belt sander (Makita 9030, a useful little thing usually found only in machine shops). That heats the

Stems

By Robb White



planking up pretty good so after I put a little strip of tape on any place I sanded through the tape that was already on the temporary stem I can slap the epoxy to the plank ends and it'll soak in good. I keep heating with my heat gun and applying epoxy until the end grain of the planking is completely saturated and shiny... takes a long time and many coats. After it is cured, I touch it another little lick with the tiny belt sander to flush up any epoxy and fit the outer stem.

I used to laminate them but when I got my little track loader to skid logs with, I dug some stumps and sawed the buttress roots into some good sized slabs with the grain exactly right to make a stem out of. I use swamp hickory (*H. aquatica*) for epoxy boat stems because it glues real well but I use live oak on conventionally built boats. I sort of rough out the shape of the stem and carefully fit it exactly to the ends of the planking. When it fits well, I screw it to the temporary inner stem and shape it more closely to the "proper" shape.

When I get it looking about like I want it, I take it off, heat it, and put the glue to it

until no more will soak in. I also hit the ends of the planking another lick just to be sure. Then I mix some dookey out of epoxy and sifted hickory sanding dust, smear it on the ends of the planking, screw the permanent outer stem back on there, and clean up what all squeezed out.

After the glue hardens I take out the screws holding it to the inner stem and also the screws holding the inner stem to the planking. Then I pry the inner stem out of the boat. If done right, that outer stem just glued to the ends of the planking will hold the boat together for the whole fairing operation. On these strip planked boats I don't fit the inner stem until after the boat is completely fiberglassed inside and out. That way I can lap the fabric around the planking where the inner stem was and make it not only rot proof but strong as all get out.

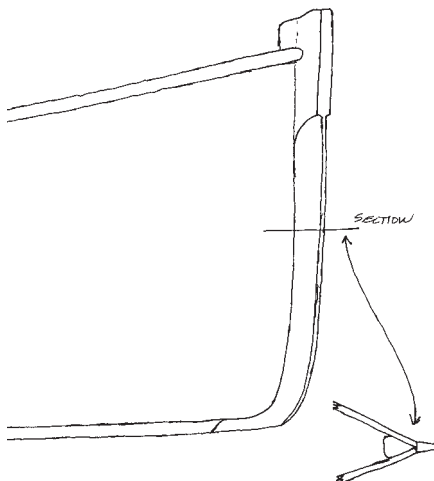
When I fiberglass the outside of the boat (which I do before the inside... that way I can use the scraps on the inside where all those little laps won't show so bad) I lap the fabric up on the stem a little bit and wait until the epoxy is just exactly the right hardness to cut with a knife. Then I carefully cut the fiberglass exactly where the rabbet line would be and peel it off the stem itself. After all is hard and the last coat of resin has filled the weave of the cloth, I scrape the stem carefully to final shape and epoxify it. When I am through you can't tell where the fiberglass butts into the stem anymore.

Shaping the stem: There are some rules about shaping the stem that were not made by me but are a tradition in boatbuilding from way back. Don't make the stem bull nosed at the bevel from the planking to the cutwater. That means the angle of the bevel of the stem should not be more obtuse than the angle of the planking. It is alright for the stem not to fair in exactly at the same angle as the planking... as a matter of fact, that's what differentiates a wood boat from a plastic boat, but it should never be bullnosed and it should not have any convexity to the faces of the bevel.

I always put the final shape on a stem with a convex hook burr cabinet scraper (the most useful shaping and fairing tool, in my opinion). That way I can actually cut a slight concavity to the face of the bevel which looks very sharp and good, particularly up at that cute place where the bevel rolls out to the square of the stemhead. You want that intersection of angles to be sharp and precise. Paint will dull it a little bit but it'll never look ugly like the impotent looking "stem" of a fiberglass boat.

The inner stem: I ain't going to lead you by the hand, just fit the damned thing and dook it in there real good. After I get it rasped and sanded to fit good, I always do the epoxy job on it while it is out of the boat. It is hard to scrape (I never sand epoxy) up in the apex of the planking and you want the thing to look finished. It is important for it to be well sealed with epoxy. I always use a lighter wood than hickory for the inner stem. There will be no force on it to amount to anything and it is actually just a glue block so any light wood (cedar) will work fine.

Make it so that it cuts off short of the breast hook. There is no need to fit the top of it exactly to the bottom of the breasthook. I always leave about a 1/4" gap up at the top but I pour the epoxy to the end grain of the inner stem so it'll be well sealed. After the



breast hook is on there you can glue a block to both it and the outer stem so the boat will look like it has a one piece stem with a regular rabbet and all. Only a nosy expert will be able to tell that you have actually got a three piece stem. I always fit the outer rails exactly to the stem with a miter. You know it is sort of tricky on a double ended boat to get both ends exactly right. The best way to do it is to put the outer rail on in two pieces and scarf them somewhere around the middle of the boat after the ends are fitted.

Stem hardware: I used to flip through hardware catalogs all the time trying to find the right stuff and I finally realized that there was no "right stuff" so I started doing it all myself out of rods and half round and all. Now the only hardware I buy are stern handles, oar locks, and drain plugs. Those chrome plated through bolts with the eye on them are no way to hook a wood boat to a trailer. Even if you epoxify the thing through the stem it'll come loose and make a capillary to wick in water and start rotting of the stem. A "U" bolt is better but I don't even like them. I like to braze a "U" of rod onto the stem band and rivet the whole business clear through the stemhead.

On boats meant to be towed on a painter, I always make a cross bushing down low so the boat won't get turned over by a snatch on the towline. You don't want an eye down there to catch water and fling it up over the bow into your eyes, so I make it so I can put a shackle in there. The bronze bushing keeps the shackle from compromising the epoxy. On my boats it looks like the bushing is a weak link because it is right there at the very apex of the stem band, but it ain't. What I do is use a rod for the stem band instead of a strap. I learned a long time ago that any cutwater

thicker than 5/6" will throw water on you. That's why fiberglass runabouts are all so cutaway at the bow. All that overhang catches the water that is rising up the ugly, blunt cutwater of the boat.

I file a groove in the front of the stem with a rat tail file until a 5/16" bronze rod will fit. Then I drill for the bushing right behind the rod and fasten the rod into its groove with copper rivets all the way through both the inner and outer stem either side of the bushing. That'll hold the towline. I also rivet all the way through the stemhead fitting where the upper eye is brazed on. I know you already know about my fetish about not allowing metal to penetrate wood without a thick epoxy barrier to isolate it. I drill those rivet holes oversize and heat them and epoxify them to a fair thee well and then fill them with epoxy dook and redrill the holes in that hard plastic and glue the rivet in there, too. I have never had a customer pull the stem band off one of my boats. But the reason I went to rod style stem bands was because I, myself, once clipped a stump and pushed a half oval stem band off sideways and had to fix it. A bronze rod fastened into a groove will stay with you.

I don't know about the rest of the country, but down here stemheads are the Achilles heel of a boat. The end grain loves to check in the hot sun and then water gets in the checks and makes them worse. Even epoxy won't keep that from happening for very long. I like a bronze stemhead cap bedded onto the epoxy on the stemhead. You can't use brass half oval because it won't bend worth a flip... has to be bronze. I have a lifetime supply of old Tobin bronze propeller shafts and I rip pieces off of them to make stemhead hardware. You can saw bronze on a regular wood

cutting bandsaw. It doesn't even seem to dull the blade.

You know the bandsaw rule about not cutting across any cylindrical object don't you? You might get away with it 50 times but eventually it is going to roll on you and hang up the blade and if the bandsaw has any power or weight to the wheels it is going to hurt you. I know a man who cut the whole palm of his hand to the pure bone, tendons and all, sawing PVC pipe on a bandsaw. Don't do it. Do your cross cutting with a hacksaw.

On Old New I capped the stemhead with a thick fiberglass (polyester resin) thing shaped like the stemhead and glued on because I stupidly put all stainless steel hardware on there in a misguided attempt to keep the bronze from eating the outboard motor and stainless steel doesn't bend as well as brass. I ought to have used bronze. The darn outboard motor rusted up just as bad with the stainless steel hardware as it would have with bronze. That's why I built the Rescue Minor. I am tired of outboard motors for everyday propulsion.

Now in closing, I am going to offer my opinion about the politics of the day. We will have already elected one of these dream teams by the time this gets to you and I hope it turned out for the best, but this election has not built up a whole lot of confidence in me. I don't believe we actually know all that much about either side because of how the "information" in the attacks from both sides is all so incredible sounding. We are electing people to run this country strictly on the basis of bullshit it seems to me. They must think most of us are as stupid as those people who run off swing bridges and ferry docks and they might be right... that's the pitiful part.

Captains come in all sizes. Some are big captains, some are little captains. No, it's not how tall they are, it's all about how big a boat they can operate.

One of the most interesting questions that continually comes into Sea School, the College of Nautical Knowledge, from prospective captains planning to attend their classes is, "how big a license can I get?" The answer is, it depends. It depends on experience and it depends what license the applicant is qualified for.

After 27 years of trying to answer this question with a straight face, Executive Director Bob Arnold comments, "I ask them if they have experience driving the *Queen Mary*. When they say no, I usually say, 'well I guess you can't have a license that big.'" Bob usually answers, "the normal license is printed on 8-1/2" x 11" paper, but the size of the license is really the restrictions written on the license.

There are basically three levels of licenses, small boats up to 100grt which could be up to 150', mid level vessels over 100grt,

By Bill Baxter, Maritime Press International

and up to 1600grt. Above that level we leap into small ships up to unlimited supertankers. We call this last group unlimited tonnage licenses. GRT refers to gross registered tonnage which has absolutely nothing to do with weight, but refers to air space of a 100cf which might be considered taxable freight carrying space

Within the small level licenses there are divisions based on type of work and number of passengers. The primary small license is operator of uninspected passenger vessel which we call 6 PAK because it is limited to no more than six passengers. This is the most commonly asked for captain's license. The next step for carrying more than six requires a license that is termed Master. Both of these licenses are passenger carrying only licenses. To operate tugboats/towboats in this size cat-

egory requires a license as Master of Towing Vessels.

There is another term used by the Coast Guard which may explain it all more simply, and that is "entry level license." This means a license you can acquire without having previously held a license. Included in this group are the 6 PAK and the Master up to 100 GRT.


So, how do you get a license for a big ship? The answer is practice, practice, practice! Experience while holding a lesser license helps. As an example of success, a Sea School student started out with a 6 PAK license nine years ago and, by selecting proper and progressive moves up the ladder as well as five additional licenses along the way, has recently reached the pinnacle and obtained a Master unlimited license. This license means he is legal to operate any U.S. Flag Vessel. A boater with 360 days of boating experience on almost any vessel from a 16' Hobiecat to a 65' yacht can obtain a 6 PAK license for any vessel up to 100grt.

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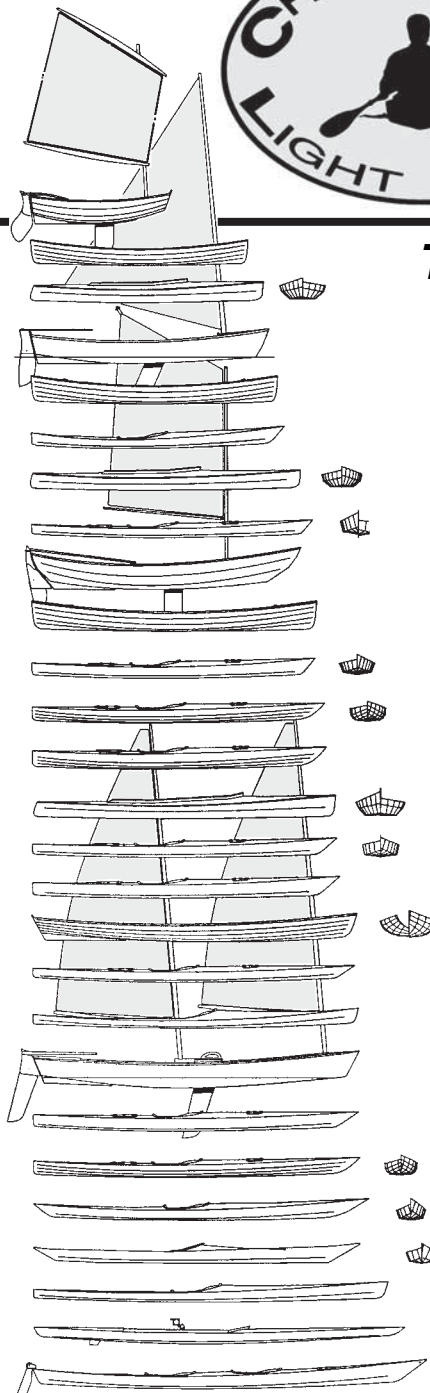
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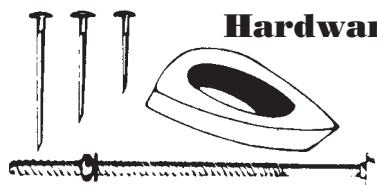
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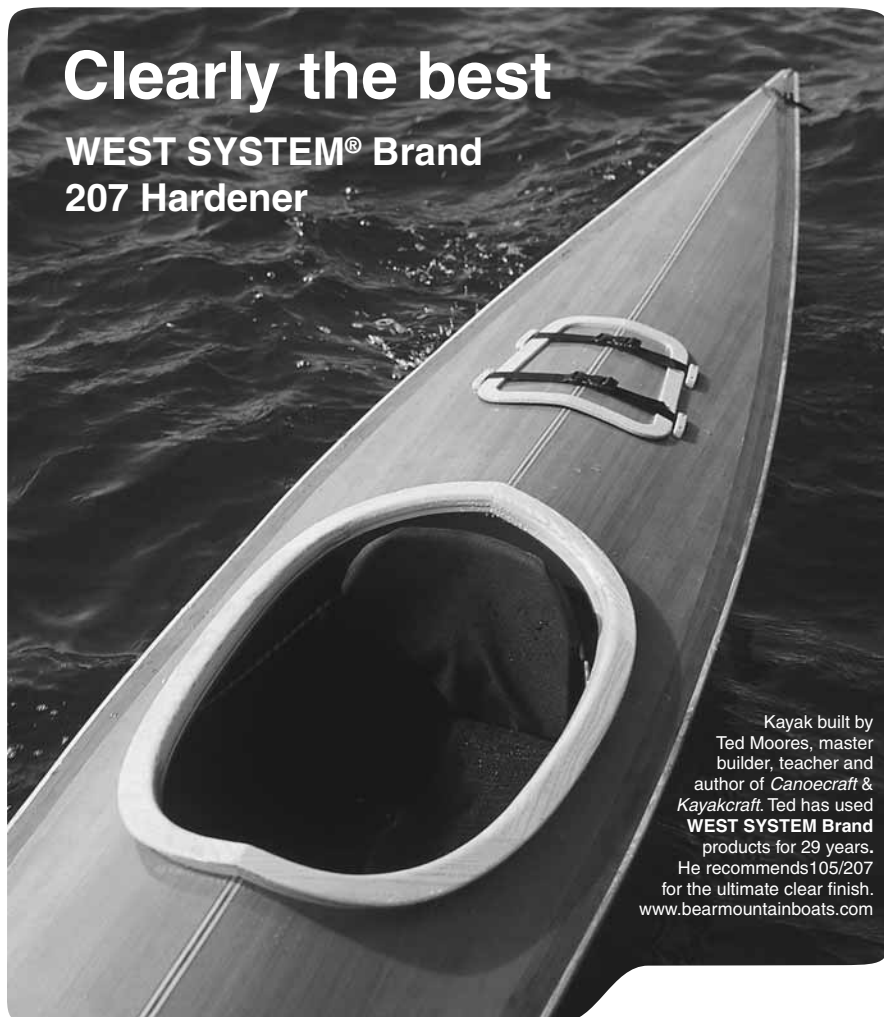


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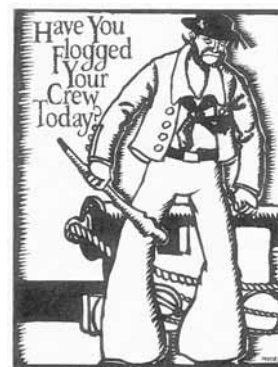
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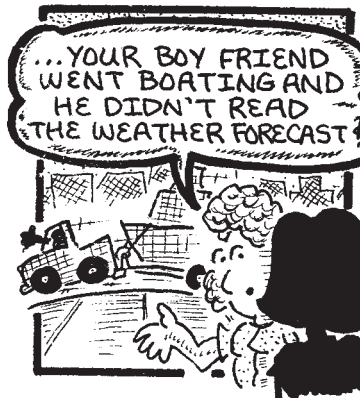
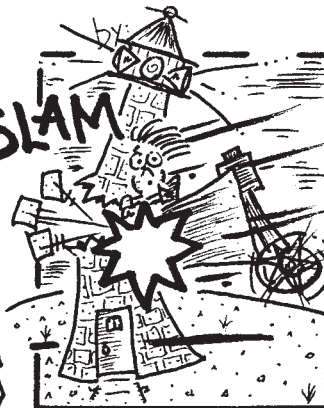
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